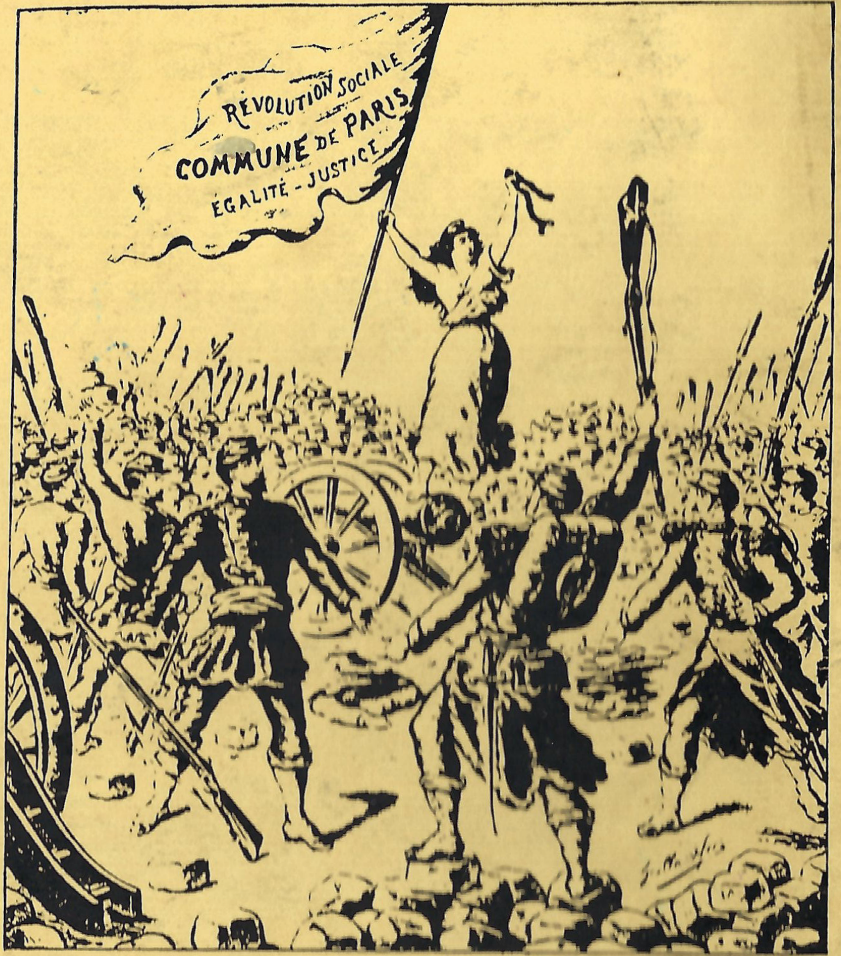
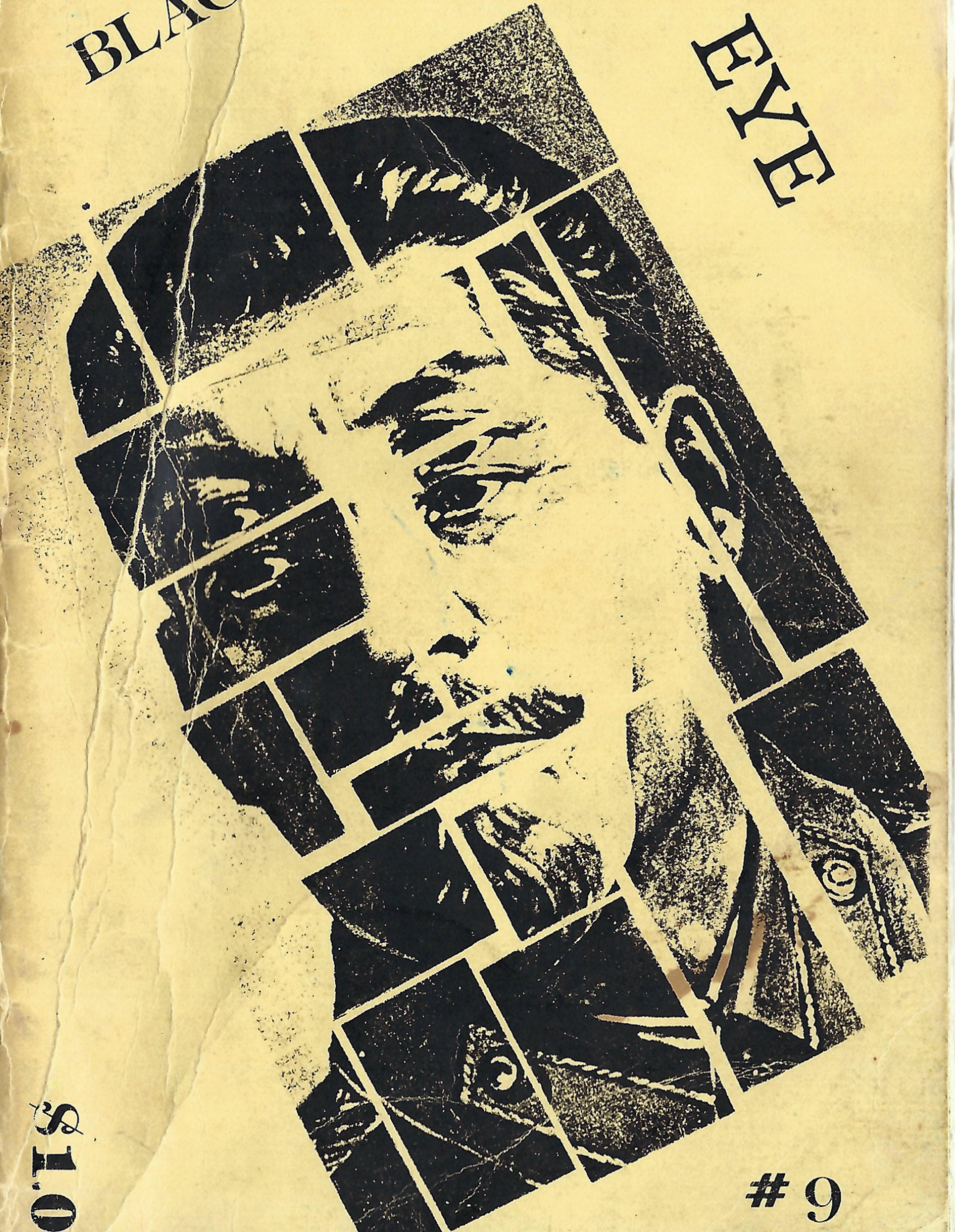

RÉVOLUTION SOCIALE
COMMUNE DE PARIS
ÉGALITÉ - JUSTICE

RISE LIKE LIONS AFTER SLUMBER
IN UNVANQUISHABLE NUMBER,
SHAKE YOUR CHAINS TO EARTH LIKE DEW
WHICH IN SLEEP HAD FALLEN ON YOU--
YE ARE MANY-- THEY ARE FEW.
--P.B. SHELLEY
"THE MASK OF ANARCHY"

BLACK EYE



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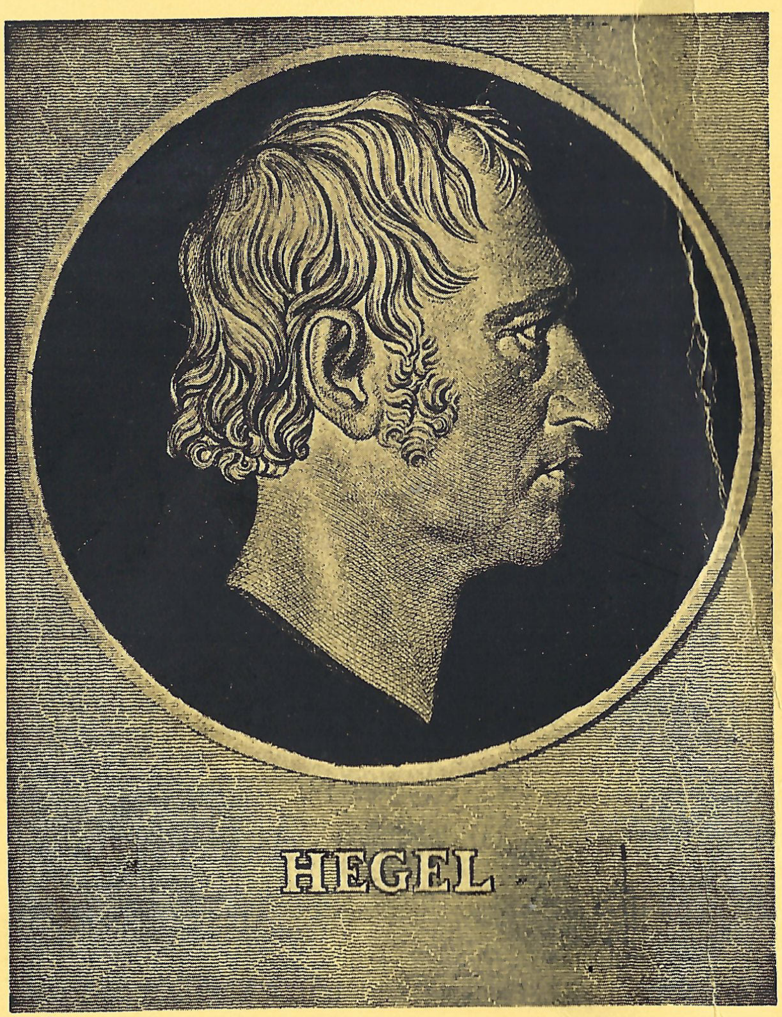

"History is a lie agreed upon by fools."

--- Napoleon Bonaparte

BLACK EYE
(insurrection)No. 9

IN ORDURE OF APPEARANCE...

THE END OF PRE-HISTORY
TOMORROW ASSASSINATES THE PAST
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE UK'S MIRROR OF CONSUMPTION
TWO BARRICADES
ON BUSINESS
BIKE MESSENGERS, GENTRIFICATION, SPATIAL D
PROOF-READING EXERCISE No. 6
BRING BACK PROSPERITY
DOCUMENTS FROM TIANANMEN SQUARE
RED GUARD ROMANCE
MASS SOCIETY AND METROPOLIS
THE SOCIAL WAR No. 4
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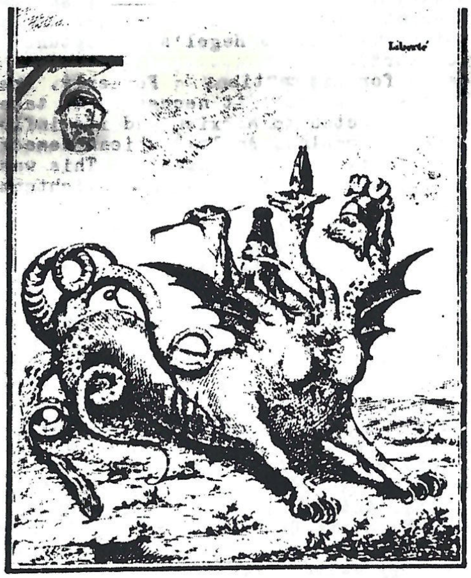


173. Anonymous print, "The Monster Counter-revolution"

THE END OF PRE-HISTORY?

With "communism" in full retreat, the North American/West European/Japanese bourgeoisie now basks in the sunshine of final victory, or so it seems. Fascism was defeated long ago, as were the remnants of absolute monarchy. Colonialism is now in the past. The cold war is over, liberal democracy has won, and the Marxist-Leninists have thrown in the towel. Now that all of America's serious military rivals have virtually capitulated, there will be no more great power conflicts or mighty wars of conquest. All that remains is an eternity of peaceful management of the vast global machine of production and consumption. The future may be boring, but by god it works. In other words, it is "the end of history."

This (with the addition of a question mark) is the title of an essay of great complacency written by Francis Fukuyama, a US State Department policy planner and former analyst at the RAND corporation. It would probably be accurate to describe him as a conservato-liberal, much like the cultural critic Daniel Bell. In what is, for American intellectuals, an unusual move, Fukuyama stands Marx on his head and calls forth the name and philosophy of G. W.F. Hegel to explain what is happening. It is as if he were saying, "The revolutionaries have only attempted to change the world; the point is return it to philosophy." His more immediate influence is the neo-Hegelian school of 20th century French philosophers led by Alexandre Kojève, a Russian emigré who came to have a great influence on French intellectuals of both the Right and the Left. This dual heritage was represented by Raymond Aron and Jean-Paul Sartre, respectively, and reflected the (largely sham) ideological confrontation of the cold war; Aron championed the "American way of life" while Sartre fell into the orbit of Stalinism. Now it looks as if "all bets are off," as they say: the diffuse democratic spectacle has beaten and absorbed the concentrated totalitarian spectacle. What the world wants, even if it is completely out of reach, is a free market and an abundance of consumer goods, not spartan security and correct ideology. "The egalitarianism of modern America represents the essential achievement of the classless society envisioned by Marx," crows Fukuyama in a statement as glib as it is patently false.

Fukuyama's basic thesis, in a nutshell, is that the liberal democratic republic has triumphed as the historical realization of the Absolute Idea (the term Hegel used), the perfected form of the political organization of human society. This ideal was announced by the American and French revolutions, and all subsequent history has been the movement, sometimes perilous, of the ideal towards its completion. Fukuyama correctly points out that it is Communism, not fascism, absolutism, or theocratic fundamentalism, that has presented the most sustained, attractive, and powerful threat/alternative system to the liberal state, and which has ironically spurred Western democracy to more fully implement its professed ideals. He is apologetic about bringing Hegel out of mothballs ("It is Hegel's misfortune to be known now primarily as Marx's precursor").

There is a good reason for his caution. Formerly, American strategists and conservative intellectuals had felt it necessary to take the hard line against anything remotely connected to Marxism and its influences. During the height of the cold war and its replay, Anglo-American democracy presented itself as the House of God against godless communism. This was a historical echo of 18th century conservative reaction to the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. But now it seems that the intellectual servants of the modern spectacular society in its most "advanced" form have succumbed to the cunning of Reason. It is now permissible to acknowledge that God, if not actually dead, has lost much of His power, and that history is made by human beings.

Hegel, whose rediscovery of ancient dialectical thought was the crowning achievement of Enlightenment rationalist philosophy, was a great admirer of state power, whether in the form of Napoleon's empire or the Prussian state. Fukuyama, as a functionary working directly for the American state, the most powerful regime that has ever existed, puts his mouth where his money is. His article, which makes no attempt to uphold the "Judeo-Christian heritage" of Western civilization, has made a big splash among bourgeois intellectuals and has drawn mostly favorable comment. In some ways this is not so surprising. Bedrock Bible-thumping conservatism of the kind we have been accustomed to hearing in the Reagan era will never, because of its gross anti-intellectualism, gain the level of sophistication necessary to understand Hegel even in the most rudimentary way. The State Department tends to be more liberal and cosmopolitan in its outlook, as it must conduct diplomacy around the world. The "end of ideology" ideology suits it much better.

Fukuyama is, like Hegel, quite frankly a philosophical idealist. He believes that the mind creates the world in its own image, and that ideas have an autonomous power, that they are in fact the engine of historical change. The materialist conception of history is utilitarian and deterministic, according to him. Fukuyama looks to Max Weber, one of the founders of modern sociology, to make his point that the material mode of production is itself a "superstructure" with roots in religion and culture (the opposite of what Marx said). Thus, to use a contemporary example, Fukuyama claims that the success of the Asian powerhouses of capitalism (Japan, South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Singapore) is due not to material conditions in those countries, but to cultural/ideological reasons such as the value attached to work, saving, and family. Here we have the "Protestant ethic" with a vigor that the original Protestant ethic no longer has in the West, where productivist virtue has progressively yielded to the perpetual tease of hedonistic consumption. It may be true that the power of ideology expresses itself as a material force, but the ideas do not spring out of nowhere. I will not dwell on the question of idealism vs. materialism; not all materialism is worth defending, and it is true that most Marxists have a very economistic, determinist outlook. The real issues at stake in this example are: whose values are these? (they're not mine!) and what is the nature of the "success" these societies have achieved? The facts of industrialization and consumer abundance obscure the human cost. In only two of these societies is individualism as understood in the Anglo-American tradition really a strong force. Among them only Japan and Hong Kong could be called liberal societies, and even there the workers, for all their access to spectacular commodities, as well as freedom of speech and assembly, live like drones in a vast corporate technocratic beehive. Fukuyama simply assumes everyone is happy as can be about it all, and probably wishes Americans were so highly motivated to sacrifice themselves to the economy.

Political liberalism may not be a direct result of liberal economics, he says, but it tends to stabilize if it is underwritten by an abundance of consumer goods. This is probably true. Bread and circuses are usually more effective as a means of social control than the police, but the latter are always there, in case. Fukuyama points to the leading role of Japan and the USA in creating a "truly universal consumer culture" that is the envy of the planet. This is why the conquest of the Soviet Union by McDonald's shitburgers is the unmistakeable sign of progress.

The great waves of nationalist and imperialist expansion, which caused so much death and misery in the past, are at an end now, Fukuyama assures us. The appeal of nationalism continues in the Third World (and in the Soviet Union) but in the "post-historical" societies of First World Western capitalism it has ceased to be a major force. This was written, of course, before the dramatic events in Europe in the last six months. How about German reunification--will this fit in with his theory of the Common Marketization of the world, or will it result in the reemergence of Germany as a contender for world power? The resurgence of fascist movements in Eastern Europe, as well as in the developed West, either as reactions to unwanted immigrants or as symptoms of old ethnic hatreds never laid to rest, does not bother Fukuyama; he sees such developments towards barbaric chaos as anomalies in the face of the dominant "democratic" trend. As for the United States, where the "melting pot" has remained nothing but a myth in the nation's cities, Fukuyama points to the persistence of the urban black 'underclass' (read lumpen proletariat) as a regrettable inheritance of premodern conditions (i.e. slavery) and not as an inherent product of liberal capitalism. The universal commodity culture from which history has apparently disappeared without a trace is in fact pregnant with social time bombs bequeathed from previous epochs. This is something Fukuyama can't and won't take seriously.

The collapse of Communism leaves only Islam as a strong ideological alternative to Western liberalism. But the relentless process of economic development and the increasingly universal diffusion of 'information' by the mass telecommunications media, which are based in the West, leave less and less space for the self-sufficient existence of premodern cultures and ideologies. Fanatical Islamic fundamentalism is in this view like a lamp whose brightest flame is also its last. Secularization will overtake the Arab world and eventually Iran as well. It is well to remember, though, that the Islamic "revolution" of 1979 was in part a popular rejection of not only the Shah's dictatorship (implanted of course by the C.I.A.) but also of his attempts to impose Westernization on a traditional culture.

Fukuyama has no difficulty making mincemeat out of the contemporary Left and demonstrating its manifest failure. But he ignores in his essay those currents of 19th century thought coming out of Hegelianism other than Marxism. He makes no mention of Bakunin or Stirner, both of whom crossed swords with Marx and whose influence is alive today. When he takes on Marx, it is only what Marx wrote under the names of Lenin, Stalin or Mao. As the situationists and others have shown, Bolshevism in all its forms has always been not just a false opposition to capitalism, but itself a form of capitalism, and does not even live up to the best work of Engels and Marx. In his analysis of 20th century history, Fukuyama attributes no concrete cause to the rise of fascist and National Socialist ideologies, calling them, in metaphysical terms, "diseased bypaths" in the general course of human progress. Nowhere is it suggested what the origin and purpose of these movements really were: reactionary mass movements of the petty burghers (appearing in many ways like Bolshevism, as historically belated caricatures of Jacobinism) manipulated by magnates of heavy industry to crush workers' revolutions. There are of course other factors involved--the appeal of the utopian elements of volkish ideology, the retarded economic and national development of Germany (crushed by the imperial hegemony of Britain and France), the virulence of anti-Semitism, and so on. There are any number of "theories" assigning the blame for fascism. These range from 'the German national character' to 'male psychology'. The definition I have cited in capsule form is taken from what is probably still the most accurate source--Daniel Guérin's Fascism and Big Business (1934). Fukuyama speaks of fascism as if it had simply come out of nowhere for no reason.

Our master of post-history does not believe in the existence of class struggle, so it is not surprising that he does little to acknowledge the classical workers' movement, particularly not the anarchists and left communists. He does, however, acknowledge some of the leaders of the socialist movement when he derides "Lenin's vicious polemics against Karl Kautsky and Rosa Luxemburg..." It is indeed curious that he should set up an equivalence between Kautksy and Luxemburg, as if they had both been great friends of liberal capitalism who were castigated by the dictator Lenin. Fukuyama does not explain the context in which these remarks were made, viz. World War I and the failed German workers' movement which followed it. Kautsky, as leader of the German Social Democracy which voted war credits to the Imperial German government (as did all the parties of the Second International to their respective governments) was certainly a friend of capitalism. Luxemburg, by contrast, broke with the social chauvinism and reformist parliamentarism of German Social Democracy and helped to found first the Spartakist League and then the German Communist Party, organizations which (initially, at least) sought the overthrow of the bourgeois Weimar democracy. You would think that such a bad performance would earn her a place in Fukuyama's rogue gallery of totalitarian anti-liberals, right? But because her movement failed and her physical person was destroyed, she becomes instead a kind of legend, a beautiful loser, whose name can be invoked harmlessly and casually. Lenin was a successful bastard, so he takes the heat, while Kautsky was a good solid sheep, the kind of socialist the men of capital can rely on.

It is precisely the counterrevolutionary role that has always been played by social democracy, most conspicuously and crucially in Germany in 1918, but also ever since, that young bourgeois intellectuals like Fukuyama (as well as old ex-lefties like the late Sidney Hook et al. from the Partisan Review crowd of the 1930's and anyone who has fond memories of Eugene Debs, Norman Thomas, etc.) will praise. Bolshevism, which grew out of social democracy and now seems to be subsiding back into it, was regarded by the Anglo-American ruling classes as a mad dog because of its bellicose anti-imperialist rhetoric and its refusal to play the game according to the rule of law. The French and Italian bourgeoisie were forced to grant the Communists a place in the polity following World War II, on condition they did not subvert parliamentarism (something they never intended to do in any case). In the United States, where the workers' movement is the weakest and "free enterprise" ideology the strongest, the highly conservative trade union bureaucracy represents only a minority of workers, without any need to invoke a socialist ideology.

What is most remarkable about Fukuyama's treatment of post-World War II history is his deafening silence on what has surely been the most epochal event of this era--the general strike of French workers in May-June 1968, an action that nearly toppled the state in an advanced democratic capitalist regime, and which was echoed by uprisings around the world. Indeed, 1968 seems to have ushered in a period of permanent crisis and decomposition of modern society. Because Fukuyama can only see elites of one kind or another--feudal, bourgeois, or bureaucratic--as subjects of history, the real subject of history, the proletariat, disappears into a black hole. The bourgeoisie is the only revolutionary class that has ever won, so its reign appears to be assured as its values become universal, even if the world is in reality seething beneath its feet.

Fukuyama concludes his essay by letting us know that the end of history will engulf the world in "centuries of boredom," as there will be no more causes left to fight for. Art and philosophy as vital processes will come to an end (actually, this happened at least 50 years ago already), and there will remain only "...the perpetual caretaking of the museum of human history." This last statement describes in positive if somewhat wistful terms the condition of the modern world that Guy Debord, another and much better French student of Hegel, subjected to negative critique more than 20 years ago in Society of the Spectacle, a book that it is doubtful Fukuyama and his ilk have read.

In the situationist theory of the Spectacle, capitalism in the 20th century has proven able to survive and maintain relative social peace, after the devastating carnage of two world wars, by providing the working base of the population, now enfranchised and growing in importance as consumers, the means of guaranteed survival (the welfare state or "safety net") and through the absorption and denaturing of partial and thus ineffective modes of revolt. The salient feature of a bloated capitalism in its metropolitan heartland is the production of dead time, in leisure as much as in work. This time, which on a grand scale is a product of the stagnation of the movement of historical time due to the persistence of long out-moded conditions of the reproduction of daily life, is experienced as sheer boredom and psychopathology. It is time and consciousness which is filled, or rather colonized, by nearly ubiquitous audio-visual simulation and neo-cultural movements, usually tossed together from the remnants of high modernism, some of which begin as expressions of rebellion but all of which wind up recuperated into the matrix of consumption as style. The spectacle embraces what our academic friends refer to as the "culture industry," the dissolution of high into commodified mass or kitsch culture via the mechanical and electronic reproduction of images.

The life of authentic community and festival, e.g. as experienced by tribal societies and perhaps some peasant communities, is replaced, through a process beginning with the Industrial Revolution and continuing up to the "computer revolution" and the "Space Age," by a fragmented, cybernetized forced-labor machine. The natural world is progressively destroyed and the individual species-being reduced to an isolated monad, trapped in an array of social roles and false communities, exchangeable one for the other but all identical in misery.

Fukuyama himself is not entirely unaware of this. He frankly describes the faults of the "post-historical" civilization--alienation, atrophy of creative spirit, loss of community, ecocidal excesses of industrialism, and last but not least the continuing threat of total nuclear war, by accident if nothing else. But none of this matters, because it is his task to justify a society that has no justification, and which is still headed for doom regardless of his jaded victory celebration. He is, for the moment, a minor celebrity and is sure to make good money on the lecture circuit expounding his ideas to gullible students.

The society of commodity abundance is haunted by the return of chronic economic crisis. Technocratic rationalization of the economy will probably forestall any dramatic collapse on the scale of 1929, but the promises of the cybernetic welfare state are steadily withdrawn. More and more people cannot be fit into niches in the system. Unemployment, homelessness and other forms of lumpen marginalization, and deadly boredom are their lot. England in the 1980's, with its strikes, riots, and overall social stalemate, could be the image of our own post-imperial future. The universal boredom Fukuyama forecasts and which already exists contains in itself the seeds of its own negation, the spark which will, if anything can, set the fire to destroy capital's society of the spectacle. The proletariat as Marx defined it comprised mainly the workers in basic manufacturing industry. That class is now a minority. As wage-labor has become generalized, the "new proletariat" is now to be found in service industries, even as factory-based proletariats are created in third world countries. The international movement and cooperation of capital calls for a similar international cooperation of workers. The revolt against work must be able to rapidly cross borders in order to succeed. European currents of revolutionary theory (such as that of the situationists) are now colliding with native American rambunctiousness and individualism to prepare god-knows-what in the form of insurrectional (and, I hope, liberatory) chaos.

The History through which humanity has suffered, from the advent of the first patriarchal class-divided societies up to the present, can be described perhaps more accurately as a pre-history. A general return to hunter-gatherer society is a practical impossibility, though there might be groups or individuals who think they can do it. It is more likely that the struggle to transform the modern nightmare into a livable world will still have to take shape as another attempt at socialism (a word perverted and drained of meaning by reformist and totalitarian bureaucrats). The socialism I have in mind is a vision familiar enough to those who have been involved in anarchist or libertarian left milieus--destruction of the capitalist state and economy and their replacement by direct democratic assemblies. If you don't want to call them workers' councils, then call them councils of unique and terrible ones, of dreamers and lovers, councils for the right to be lazy, for the eruption of the marvelous, or whatever. The revolutionary movements of the 20th century have come closest to succeeding in the form of councils, or 'soviets', but have always failed, in the crucial life-and-death moment of dual power with the forces of the old society, by allowing themselves to be represented by the mediation of separate power of one kind or another (i.e., Bolsheviks, social democrats, liberals). Revolutions of the future worthy of the name will be based on the anarchic liberation of desire, but may also take the political form of councils in order to fulfill practical tasks, such as management of the minimal level of socially necessary production.

Under current conditions of the nearly universal reign of bureaucracy, ideology, and moralism, Stirnerian egoism seems to be the best affirmation of radical subjectivity (certainly better than nihilism), but it is difficult to see how a purely individualist revolt can permanently alter the existing relations of power in the world, unless it becomes generalized as a mass strike and collective total refusal. Often it appears that people are so maimed by hierarchical domination that they are incapable of building a healthy community based on mutual aid, and that every attempt at overturn inevitably results in the reconstitution of class society. Such a cynical conclusion is taken for granted by men like Fukuyama. From his privileged perspective it is sufficient that alienation be overcome in the realm of the Spirit only, since it apparently cannot be overcome in real life. The revolution of the quotidian is invisible to him because it knows no ideology and no leaders, only catalysts, acting either alone or collectively, as they see fit, to help bring about a spontaneous situation beyond the point of no return. The mischiev~~i~~ous power of liberated desire can thwart all rationalist as well as fideist schemes of domination. The formal democracy of meaningless production and consumption must give way to real democracy. By leapfrogging the Left, let's see if we meet Fukuyama on the other side of the Enlightenment--after it, not before it. But if he is right in his assertion that effective negation is at an end, then the only alternative is the present condition of mere survival, bought or bargained for piecemeal, sliding into barbarism and extinction.

ALEX TROTTER

TOMORROW ASSASSINATES THE PAST

Away all clocks! Assassinate the past!

Take a silver dagger to its back,

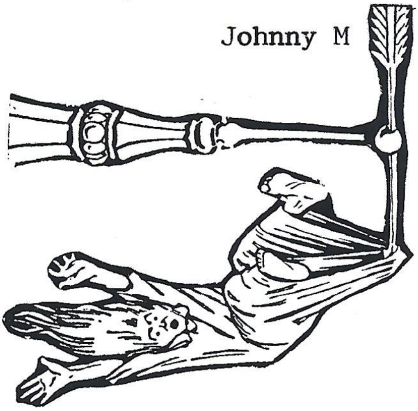
hammer in its skull,

or reinvent the rack.

Progress was not meant to be regress.

Away all clocks! Tomorrow assassinates the past!

Johnny M



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE UK's MIRROR OF CONSUMPTION

The Poll Tax riot of Saturday, March 31st 1990 was the biggest riot central London has experienced this century and possibly the biggest since the 12 glorious days of the Gordon riots of 1780. The only ones that bear any comparison are those of the unemployed in the 1880s and 1930s which were far less destructive in character. Unlike the incendiary and ferocious rioting of 1981 and '85 it took place, not in inner-city neighbourhoods but right in the spectral eye and mirror of commodity affluence. Never in recent history have the cold, barren, monolithic buildings of Whitehall civil service Depts at the heart of the UK state been taken over by a nameless wildness spreading havoc everywhere around them. Only to be followed by riot police clearing the clipped wings of the State in Trafalgar Square deliberately (and incompetently for them) pushing the rioters into the store window of UK PLC and the very tip-top (and "hip-hop on a cop") hype of the Thatcher retailing, designer revolution.

A hype which was then ransacked, looted, and here and there burnt. Amidst the wildness the vandalism was very selective and more so than usual in contemporary UK riots. Posh cars like jags and Porsches were burnt and the Renault show-rooms destroyed in Long Acre but an old, broken-down mini-major car was left unscathed. Liquor stores and music shops were pillaged, with expensive guitars nicked, but tool shops with smashed windows weren't looted (who among these youths wanted Bosch power tools for work??--although a mate did.) The rare stamp shop was done in and one wondered how such stamps could be fenced. Many of the really posh nosh shops down Regent St with its aristocratic elan were done in too. By way of an aside, looters at Top-Girl in Oxford Circus couldn't get the anti-shoplifting electronic tag off expensive gear and in their haste tore it. Black girls in their longing for a bit of pricy flash ended up with shreds in their hands.

However Aer Lingus windows in Regent St weren't trashed. Not because it wasn't a business like any other but simply because of a growing general awareness that the British State had framed too many Irish people as IRA scapegoats and a can of worms was opening up in the British Judiciary replete with its log jam of police torturing acceptable as bona fide evidence in many court cases. Only two nights previously a TV program "Who Bombed Birmingham?" on the framing of the Birmingham Six (jailed for allegedly bombing two Birmingham pubs in '74, resulting in many deaths) had grabbed peak viewing and in many local inner London pubs one could hear a pin drop while the program was shown on pub TV. At the Impromptu speeches at Kennington before the Poll Tax long march everything was heckled and mocked, from the Labour Party to the TUC to the Militant Tendency but the splendidly irreverent crowd was silent when it came to Ireland even though *much* has to be said about the Irish situation which isn't palatable to anarchists or leftists.

But let's leave out descriptions of the hundreds of stores and businesses that were trashed etc simply because many newspapers mentioned them and contained telling photos of destruction, even though, as is their shitty wont, a few individuals were given a fingering through press photos. Poor sods--a balaclava stuffed in the back pocket is *still* essential. However, except in your wildest moments, nobody really expected that there would be such an awesome outcome. Some violence yes but not destruction on this scale. What was breathtaking was the sense of enjoyment among those at the eye of the storm--an enjoyment coupled with fear/nerves and the parched throat of flowing adrenalin which needed a hard drink. An enjoyment which when it hit the mirror of UK PLC was passed onto the Saturday night consumers of the bright lights. There was really very little hostility to the ransacking of the West End (for once one felt at home there) by those who were its naked pay-up consumers. On the contrary, these punters tended to simplistically blame Thatcher and not the vandals, vikings, and visigoths. People felt *happy* for once. (Official opinion polls have since confirmed this on the spot feeling with most blaming Thatcher for the rioting.)

The police, now named Stasi after the E. German secret police--the gutteral chanted word comes easy to the tongue (this must have disoriented quite a few E. German and Russian TV viewers still conned to the magic of the Thatcherite free-enterprise market)--didn't like clubbing too many window shoppers even though they split up quite a few well heeled tourists. With others it was different. The Stasi attacked disco queues (most notably down Oxford Street) where young kids were grouped together, or kids walking out of pin-ball machine arcades. A number got arrested that way. At the behest of the publicans (?) the riot police closed down all the pubs in Soho which in itself caused battles inside the pubs and much running street fighting until after midnight.

Tourists from all over the world asked anti-Poll Taxers what was going on. The Japanese very politely. One black girl sporting an anti-Poll Tax badge replied to some Scandinavians questions, "that's what we do in England; we riot," feeling proud to be "English" as she warmed her hands on a pile of blazing garbage. Once night had fallen one noted the presence of gangs of black youth moving in, maybe from London's huge Council Estates after having seen the trouble on TV? They did their share of damage and looting too. During the day there had been plenty of Blacks and Asians involved but not as a distinctive presence or contingent.

It's not really possible to characterize the riot beyond that it was a massive revolt of youth. Those involved in the heavy fighting were mainly, but by no means entirely, "politicized" marginal youth, into Squats, post-punk, New Hippy, ET punters (Employment Training is a national form of Trainee Workfare scheme), heavy metal, airheads, etc. Were thousands of young fully employed workers there? Students? And did some academic breakdown along those lines really matter? A hastily made black-inked "Yorkshire Miners Against the Poll Tax" was waved alongside the many Higgs and Hill building company partahabins on fire in a Trafalgar Square refurbishment. They were young miners four stories up in the scaffolding--ready for a bit of the high life. What became of them? Nicked by the riot police?

One gets the impression (others since have confirmed it) that some Higg and Hill building workers (on a week-end guard duty??) had opened up the site to rioters because earlier in the day a long banner had been unfurled down the side of the many storyed building attacking the Poll Tax. Whatever, the burning building marked a kind of rubicon. Afire near the center of the State. The rioting for a brief period stopped as if dumb-founded by its own achievement.

Then you noticed young civil servants and Town Hall staff putting the boot in too. Hardly surprising after all they're in the front line vis-a-vis Poll Tax registration and collection. Also they've been the first to respond with strikes and overtime bans and non Poll Tax cooperation. Their refusal had been sharpened and pushed forward by the earlier rioting in London and Bristol. Maybe Poll Tax was going to bring together that long overdue overlap between street riots and strikes? An overlap only briefly sketched out in such mining communities as Fitzwilliam, South Elmsall, and Malthy in Yorkshire in 1984. There were a few older people in the thick of the fighting but not many; an arrested guy with grey hair repeatedly kept getting his head bashed by the police on a wall just outside the gates of Downing St (Thatcher's residence). Poor bastard! Will he have migraine for the rest of his life?

Equally, there were many from other countries, not directly effected by the Poll Tax but who added their bit to the fracas. French, Germans, Italians, Spanish, Chinese and many a four XXXX Australian pissed out of their purposefully imitative Crocodile Dundee boxes. Three Americans (tourists?) laughed as they lopped a lump of brick at the cops in a corner of Trafalgar Square. Other Americans enjoyed it too and got carried away talking about it in the pubs afterwards. So finally also it was an international event, using the Poll Tax as an occasion to get at any of the police, at any international commodity alienation.

You met friends in the crowd--some you hadn't seen for many's a time--and then were instantly separated by the fighting. The bricks and wood were raining down fast and many got hit by the clobbin from their own side. Me too--by a big brick on the leg but aimed at the cop in front of me. The sky was often thick with ammo and many's the time you ducked from a flying Trafalgar Sq pigeon thinking it was a brick. Smilingly you saw the riot police doing the same thing--putting a riot shield over their heads!

But it was scary. Three times I was really trapped by the police going relatively berserk and if they'd wanted to apply the French techniques and gone in for a clubbing/tear gas massacre you would have been finished off. But like the 80s decade, the cops didn't abandon the olde English technique just like that. It was, however, sufficiently nerve-wracking pushed up against the walls of the National Gallery, surrounded on all sides by the police and with dusk beginning to fall to think they were *finally* going in for the kill. Others thought the same too and once the police gave the rioters a push into the West End streets, they were only too pleased to go on, or so it seems. Thus, ironically began the glitz potlatch and instead the West End shopping Mall was massacred.

The demonstration which was 250,000 strong (though many newspapers like some latter-day East European propaganda fix-its put it at 40,000) was outside of Labour Party or TUC control although the Militant Tendency (Trotskyist Entryists inside the Labour Party) with their usual hi-jacking techniques claim a big part in organising and "leading" this splendid rabble without leaders. Stewards at first tried, with much derision, to discipline the demo but once the heavy ten hours of rioting broke out they were nowhere to be seen. In the aftermath, the press and other pundits of the bourgeoisie faced with something spontaneously explosive tried to find out who was responsible for "organising" the riot. What resulted on prime time TV news was unheard-of free publicity for anarchist groups like Class War, Black Flag anarcho-syndicalists, and the anarchist 121 bookshop in Brixton, which should give a massive boost to their newspaper sales etc. Of course, they were as little responsible as anybody else for the final outcome even though like anybody else they got stuck in too. In fact the pervasive atmosphere en masse was a certain well-intentioned, woody-minded anarchism if one wished to (quite pointlessly) question the thoughts/meanderings of participants. Basically the rioting feeling was non-sectarian and no one gave a fuck about theories.

But it's worth saying vis-a-vis banners, that the best were not the traditional Red and Black anarchist banners but those that took the piss and provoked laughter, like *"Class War, rent-a-mob on Tour"* or *"We Want Robin Hood Again"* held up by some 40-something, buxom, down to earth ladies from Liverpool. One noticed however in the days afterwords how anarchism suddenly acquired a very hip character on the streets and to call oneself an anarchist was the latest line in chatting up the guys and gals. The reality of the great potlatch of the temple of consumption was of course, far in advance of earlier anarchist limitations and still pointing to total revolution.

The Militant Tendency and SWP Trotskyists seem very phased by the whole affair. A report in the Socialist Worker a week later didn't get the feel of the occasion--the sheer beauty of it--and as usual it was cagey about smashed shop windows, burnt cars and looting. So what's new? Militant continued with the shitty attitudes it had adopted towards rioters after the earlier Poll Tax battles in Bristol and London. A Militant Tendency Anti-Poll Tax Federation left are now in a quandary. If Militant (or related types) don't organize another demo in a few weeks time they're likely to be outflanked by anarchists and even more destabilizing for them, their "lunatic fringe" subliminal fears. This frightens them most of all and being so neurotically anxious not to be associated with violence they desperately wish that the whole anti-Poll Tax campaign was limited to civil disobedience.

The Labour Party is in an even greater quandary. If they don't do something more aggressive against the Poll Tax, a real autonomous movement everywhere will slip the leash of bureaucratic control. And one means *everywhere*--from leafy green affluent market towns to industrial centers. Of course the Kinnockite Labour Party is much more right wing than ever and the law for them must be obeyed no matter what. A stance, in fact, which is different from the early 70s when they were prepared to go along with the TUC's not very spirited defiance of the Heathite Tories hated Industrial Relations Act which was more or less destroyed by the miners and dockers wildcat General Strike of 1972. The Labour Left, now reduced to virtual silence, could re-assert itself and attempt to institutionalize the mass revolt against the Poll Tax.

But what's at stake is something which goes right to the heart of Labourism. Their pride and raison d'etre is basically local government and the reasonable, efficient, and extensive organization of services paid through the rates. Any attempt to destabilize these Labour heartlands--with support for a massive campaign of non-payment would mean not only shooting themselves through the foot but their fried brains as well. Oh what a pretty sight that would be. Deputy Labour Party leader, slob, spitting, Hattersly was in fact more vicious in his condemnation of the rioters than even Thatcher! All your old hatred of the Labour Party welled up inside you again...

But we shall see. Suffice to end with a few quick and relatively unworked thoughts. Poll Tax in the UK seems to stimulate a collective buried, historical psyche secreted somewhere in the subconscious which ends up tearing the whole fabric of alienated society apart. The first Poll Tax precipitated the Peasants Revolt of 1381 even though the tax was then limited to some degree by a person's ability to pay and therefore less draconian than the present Poll Tax. Hampden's ship money (a similar head-count tax) and a levy raised for building up the King's Navy was a major factor in determining the outcome of the Civil War (1640-45). Interestingly enough, the first revolt against the Hampden's ship money occurred in Whitney, Oxfordshire where in early March 1990, 18 Tory Councillors were the first grass roots Tories to rebel against the Poll Tax, an example which inspired many of the new hi-tac but still blue rinse brigade to contemplate doffing punk hair cuts and attitudes.

Finally, on a wider level of "unfair" taxation (all money is "unfair") fury over taxation without representation created the Boston Tea Party. Poll Taxes in Britain, England, Dis-United Kingdom (call it what you will) have the habit of bringing a social civil war, in all its totality to the surface. As a friend said, Thatcherite Britain has many characteristics to pre-Civil War England with its selling off of State assets for quick profit, property speculation etc. Was March 31st, after a decade of protracted civil disorder periodically threatening to burst through the carapace of an extremely right-wing trajectory, our own homespun Boston Tea Party? The Poll Tax riot was magnificent only to be eclipsed a day later on TV screens by the worst prison violence at Strangeways, Manchester that the UK has known this century and very obviously inspired by the big Poll Tax--even the support group outside the gutted jail sang the anti-Poll Tax ditty. Many are reckoning on further big trouble throughout UK society saying a May '68 is in the air. Riot records are being broken and we shall see what we shall see. Dave W.

(The following is an excerpt from Les Miserables. by Victor Hugo [translated by Fahnestock and MacAfee]. It should be noted at the outset that although Hugo was almost universally loved by the French working class, he was probably one of the first of the liberal species known as Bleeding Heart. In spite of this defect, however, Hugo did have a keen eye as a journalist. The chapter presented below is an eye-witness portrayal of the type of barricade street fighting that Parisians have excelled at for more than two centuries.)

The two most memorable barricades that the observer of social diseases could mention do not belong to the period in which the action of this book is placed. These two barricades, both of them symbols in two different ways of a terrible situation, rose from the earth at the time of the fatal insurrection of June 1848, the biggest street war history has ever seen.

It sometimes happens that, even against principles, even against liberty, equality, and fraternity, even against universal sufferage, even against the government of all by all, from the depths of its anguish, of its discouragements, its privations, its fevers, its distresses, its miasmas, its ignorance, and its darkness, that great madman, the rabble protests, and the populace gives battle to the people.

The vagabonds attack the common right; the ochlocracy rises against the demos.

Those are mournful days; for there is always a certain amount of right even in this madness, there is suicide in this duel, and these words, intended for insults--beggars, rabble, ochlocracy, populace--indicate, alas, rather the fault of those who reign than the fault of those who suffer; rather the fault of the privileged than the fault of the outcasts.

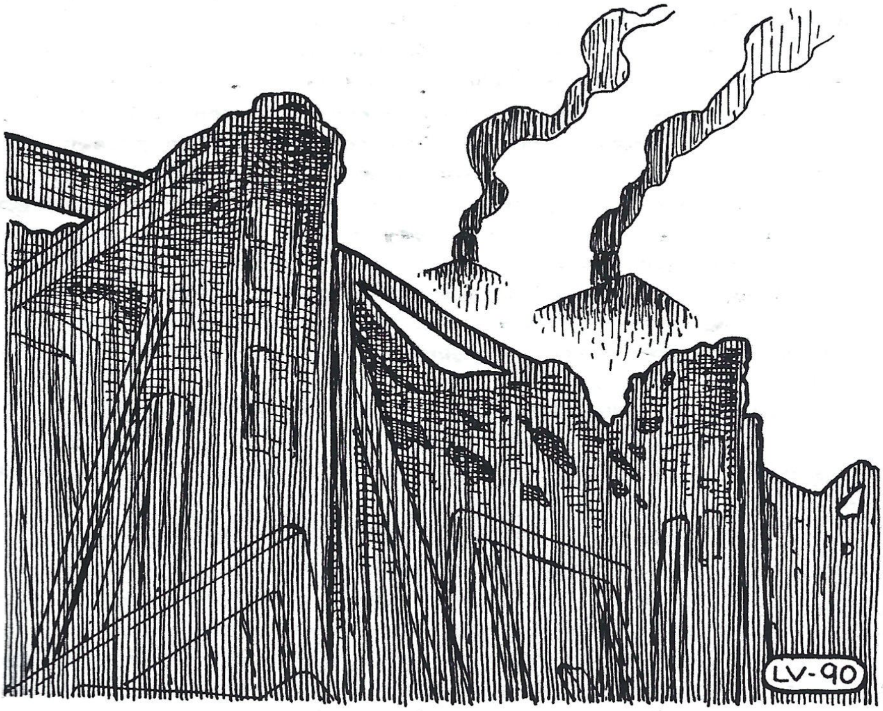
As for us, we never pronounce these words except with sorrow and respect, for when philosophy fathoms the facts to which they correspond, it often finds in them many grandeurs among the miseries. Athens was an ochlocracy; the impoverished made Holland; the populace more than once saved Rome; and the rabble followed Jesus Christ.

June 1848 was, let us hasten to say, a thing apart, and almost impossible to classify in the philosophy of history. All that we have said must be put aside when we consider that extraordinary emuete [riot, insurrection] in which was felt the sacred anxiety of labor demanding its rights. It had to be put down, that was duty, for it was attacking the Republic. But what basically was June 1848? A revolt of the people against itself.

When the subject is not lost sight of, there is no digression; let us then be permitted to direct the reader's attention for a moment to the two absolutely unique barricades of which we have just spoken and which characterized that insurrection.

One obstructed the entrance to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; the other defended the approaches of the Faubourg du Temple; those witnessing the construction, under the bright blue sky of June, of these two frightful masterpieces of civil war, will never forget them.

The Saint-Antoine barricade was monstrous; it was three stories high and seven hundred feet long. It barred from one corner to the other the vast opening of the Faubourg, that is to say three streets; ravined, jagged, notched, abrupt, indented with an immense rent, buttressed with mounds that were themselves bastions pushing out salients here and there, strongly backed up by the two great promontories of houses of the Faubourg, it rose like a cyclopean embankment at the far side of the intimidating square that saw the 14th of July. Nineteen barricades stood at intervals along the streets in the rear of the mother barricade. Merely from seeing it, you felt in the Faubourg the immense agonized suffering that had reached that extreme moment when troubles rush into catastrophe. Of what was the barricade made? Of the ruins of three seven-story houses, torn down for the purpose, said some. Of the wonders worked by all passions, said others. It had the woeful aspect of all the works of hatred: Ruin. You might say: Who built that? You might also say: Who destroyed that? It was the improvization of ferment. Here! That door! That grating! That shed! That casement! That broken stove! That cracked pot! Give everything! Throw on everything! Push, roll, dig, dismantle, overturn, tear down everything! It was the collaboration of the pavement, the pebble, the timber, the iron bar, the scrap, the broken windowpane, the stripped chair, the cabbage stump, the tatter, the rag, and the malediction. It was large and it was small. It was the bottomless pit parodied on the spot by chaos come again. The mass beside the atom; the stretch of wall torn down and the broken dish; a menancing fraternization of all rubbish. Sisyphus had tossed in his rock and Job his potsherd. On the whole, terrible. It was the acropolis of ragamuffins. Overturned carts roughened the slope; an immense dray was laid out, crosswise, the axle pointing to the sky, and seemed a scar on that



tumultuous facade; an omnibus, cheerily hoisted by main strength to the very top of the pile, as if the architects of that savagery wanted to add sauciness to terror, presented its unharnessed pole to unknown horses of the air. This gigantic mass, the alluvium of emeute, brought to mind an Ossa upon Pelion of all the revolutions; '93 upon '89, the 9th Thermidor upon the 10th of August, the 18th Brumaire upon the 21st of January, Vendemaire upon Prairial, 1848 upon 1830. The Place deserved the pains, and that barricade was worthy to appear on the very spot where the Bastille had disappeared. Were the ocean to make dikes, this is the way it would build them. The fury of the flood was imprinted on that misshapen construction. What flood? The mob. You would have thought you were seeing uproar petrified. You would have thought you heard, above that barricade, as though they were there on their hive, the humming of the enormous black bees of progress by force. Was it underbrush? Was it a Bacchanal? Was it a fortress? Vertigo seemed to have built it with beat of its wings. There was something of the sewer in this redoubt and something of Olympus in the jumble. You saw there, in a chaos of full despair, rafters from roofs, sections of dormers with their wallpaper, window sashes with all the glass dumped in the debris, waiting for the artillery, disjointed chimneys, wardrobes, tables, benches, a howling upheaval, and those thousand beggarly things, the rejects of even the beggar, containing fury and nothingness alike. One would have said it was the tatters of a people, tatters of wood, of iron, of bronze, of stone, and that the Faubourg Saint-Antoine had swept them there to its door with one colossal sweep of its broom, making its barricade of its misery. Logs shaped like chopping blocks, dismembered chairs, wooden frames with brackets in the shape of gibbets, wheels projecting horizontally from the wreckage--all of these amalgamated to this edifice of anarchy the forbidding form of the old tortures suffered by the people. The barricade Saint-Antoine made a weapon of everything; all that civil war can throw at the head of society was hurled from it; it was not battle, it was paroxysm; the carbines that defended the stronghold, among them some blunderbusses, scattered bits of delftware, knuckle bones, coat buttons, even table casters, dangerous projectiles because of the copper. This barricade was furious; it threw up to the clouds an inarticulate clamor; defying the army at times, it covered itself with mob and with tempest; a throng of flaming heads crowned it; a swarming filled it; it's crest was thorny with muskets, with swords, with clubs, with axes, with pikes, and with bayonets; a huge red flag slapped in the wind; there were heard cries of command, battle songs, drum rolls, the sobbing of women, and the dark wild laughter of the starving. It was gigantic and living; and, as from the back of an electric beast, there came from it a crackling of thunder. The spirit of revolution cloaked with its cloud that summit growling with the voice of the people which is like the voice of God; a strange majesty emanated from that titanic hodful of refuse. It was a garbage heap and it was Sinai.

As we have said before, it attacked in the name of the Revolution-what? The Revolution. This barricade, chance, order, bewilderment, misunderstanding, the unknown, set itself against the Constituent Assembly, the sovereignty of the people, universal sufferage, the nation, the Republic; and it was the Carmagnole defying the Marseillaise.

An insane but heroic defense, for this old Faubourg is a hero.

The Faubourg and its redoubt lent each other aid. The Faubourg put its shoulder to the redoubt, the redoubt braced itself on the Faubourg. The huge barricade extended like a cliff, and against it broke the strategy of Africa's generals. Its caverns, its excrescences, its warts, its humps, grimaced, so to speak, and sneered beneath the smoke. Grapeshot vanished there in the misshapen; shells sank in, were swallowed up, were engulfed; bullets only managed to bore holes; what use is it to cannonade chaos? And regiments, accustomed to the most savage sights of war, looked anxiously on this kind of wild beast redoubt, a wild boar through its bristling, a mountain through its enormity.

A mile from there, at the corner of the Rue du Temple, which runs into the boulevard near the Chateau d'Eau, if you boldly poke your head out beyond the point formed by the front of the Magasin Dallemagne, you would see in the distance, beyond the canal, in the street that climbs the slope of Belleville, at the culminating point of the hill, a strange wall reaching the second story of the house fronts, a sort of hyphen between the houses on the right and the houses on the left, as if the street had folded back its highest wall, and abruptly shut itself in. This wall was built of paving stones. It was straight, correct, cold, perpendicular, leveled with a square, built on a line, aligned by a plummet. Cement was undoubtedly lacking, but as in certain Roman walls, that did not weaken its rigid structure. From its height its depth could be guessed. The entablature was mathematically parallel to the base. Here and there could be distinguished on the gray surface almost invisible loopholes, which resembled black threads. These loopholes were seperated from each other by equal intervals. The street was deserted as far as the eye could see. Every window and every door was shut. In the background rose this obstruction, which turned the street into a cul-de-sac; an immovable and quiet wall; nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard; not a cry, not a sound, not a breath. A sepulcher.

The dazzling June sun flooded this terrible thing with light.

This was the barricade of the Faubourg du Temple.

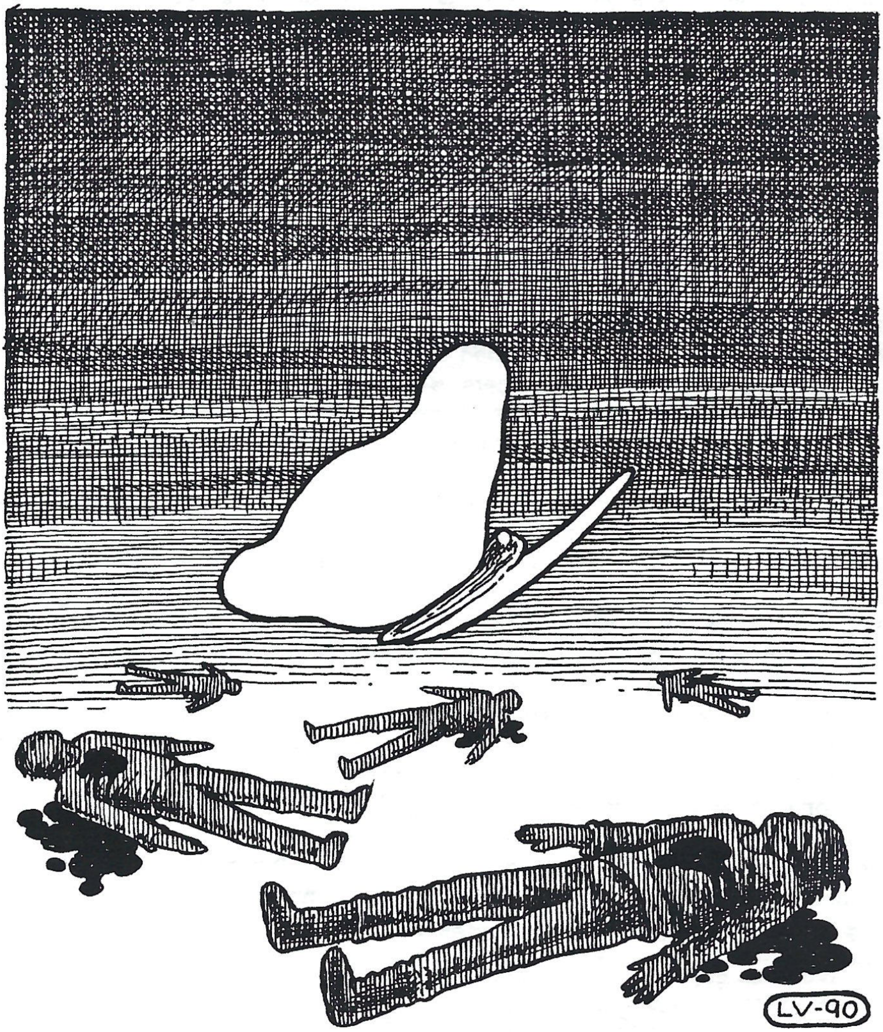
As soon as you reached the site and took it in, it was impossible, even for the boldest, not to turn thoughtful before this mysterious apparition. It was fitted, dovetailed,imbricated, rectilinear, symmetrical, and deathly. There was in it science and darkness. You felt that the chief of that barricade was a geometer or a specter. You beheld it and you spoke softly.

From time to time, if anybody--soldier, officer or representative of the people--ventured to cross the solitary street, a sharp, low whistling was heard, and the pedestrian fell wounded or dead, or, if he escaped, a bullet would bury itself in some closed shutter, in a space between the stores, in the plaster of a wall. Sometimes a large canister shot. For the men of the barricade had made two small guns out of two pieces of cast-iron gas pipe. Stopped up at one end with oakum and fire clay. No useless expenditure of powder. Almost every shot told. There were a few corpses here and there, and pools of blood on the pavement. I remember a white butterfly flying back and forth in the street. Summer does not abdicate.

In the vicinity, the pavement of carriage entrances was covered with wounded.

You felt yourself beneath the eye of somebody you did not see, that the whole length of the street was held in the line of fire.

Massed behind the sort of saddleback made by the narrow bridge over



the canal at the entrance to the Faubourg du Temple, the soldiers of the attacking column, calm and collected, looked at this dismal redoubt, this immobility, this impassibility, spewing death. Some crept along the ground as far as the summit of the bridge, taking care that their shadows did not show over it.

The valiant Colonel Monteynard admired this barricade with a shudder. " How well that's built!" he said to a representative. "Not one stone projects beyond another. It's porcelain." At that moment a ball broke the cross on his chest, and he fell.

"The cowards!" some said. "But let them show themselves! Let us see them! They don't dare! They're hiding!" The barricade of the Faubourg du Temple, defended by eighty men, attacked by ten thousand, held out for three days. On the fourth day, they did as at Zaatcha and at Constantinople; they pierced through the houses, they went along the roofs, the barricade was taken. Not one of the eighty cowards thought of flight; all of them were killed, except the leader, Barthelemy, of whom we shall speak presently.

The barricade Saint-Antoine was the tumult of thunder; the barricade du Temple was silence. Between these two redoubts there was the difference between the terrible and the ominous. The one seemed a gaping mouth; the other a mask.

Admitting that the gloomy and gigantic insurrection of June was composed of anger and an enigma, you felt in the first barricade the dragon, and behind the second, the sphinx.

These two fortresses were built by two men, one named Cournet, the other Barthelemy. Cournet made the barricade Saint-Antoine; Barthelemy the barricade du Temple. Each was the image of the man who built it.
Cournet was a tall man; he had broad shoulders, a red face, a crushing fist, a bold heart, a loyal soul, a sincere and terrible eye. Intrepid, energetic, irascible, stormy, the most cordial of men, the most formidable of warriors. War, conflict, the melee, were the air he breathed, and put him in good humor. He had been a naval officer, and from his carriage and voice you could guess he sprang from the ocean, he came from the tempest; he carried over the hurricane into battle. Save in genius, there was something of Danton in Cournet, as, save in divinity, there was something of Hercules in Danton.

Barthelemy, thin, puny, pale, taciturn, was a kind of tragic urchin who, struck by a policeman, watched for him, waited for him, and killed him, and at seventeen was sent to prison. He came out and built this barricade.

Later, a terrible thing, in London, both outlaws, Barthelemy killed Cournet. It was a mournful duel. Sometime later, caught in the meshes of one of those mysterious fatalities mingled with passion, catastrophes in which French justice sees extenuating circumstances, and in which English justice sees only death, Barthelemy was hung. The gloomy social edifice is so constructed that, thanks to material privation, thanks to moral darkness, this unfortunate being who contained an intelligence, certainly firm, perhaps great, began with the galleys in France and ended with the gallows in England. Barthelemy, for all occasions, hoisted but one flag: the black flag.

TEMPLE
SEBASTOPOL
BEAUMARCHAIS
BOUL
Bastille
RUE
VICTORIA
CONTRESCARPE
MORLAND

on business by david castleman

Our human psyche is like a horse with many masters, and ranked among them is Government, and Media, and Business. One master sees that the blinders never fail in their task of administering blindness. One master investigates the reins constantly, to guard against an encroachment by the individual will. One master tests the harness constantly, that the servile brute may not forget its allotted and proper burden. Other and subtler masters note the aspects of the terrain and the feed and the healthy future of the breed: they stand aloof.

The facility for business is a reasonably constructed and physical extension of the primal hunting instinct of the carnivore, and is itself as clearly a tool of physical contest as is a spear, a trained dog, a nuclear explosive, or a padded bosom. It is a tool whose use extends the power of the animal beyond the borders of naked animality. Its function is of acquisition and of destruction. It kills, that the animal may eat, and the animal is to eat, that it may kill.

All who share the privilege and the responsibility of life, live upon this wheel of natural whim. As the mind is the function of the brain, so this special tool hidden among the folds in the fisted brain, has as its function that aspect of the mind which equips the physical body. The carnivore without it is doomed to be a brief and sorry meat for its fellows.

What traits of personality are required for business? One must be intelligent and single-minded, and troubled by no untamed conscience. Monomania is crucial. Imagination is dangerous and useless. An abundance of energy is vital. Scruples are decorative, not functional.

The activity of a real and vigorous imagination poisons the will, by suggesting too many alternatives, and kills single-mindedness. Single-mindedness depends on the channelled presence of the personal portion of communal will, and if the channel enlarges, the will can get no grip, and flounders.

What are the social skills required to participate effectively in this chattering session of business? A person must be able to mimic the reactions of one's peers, must be malleable as a chameleon, so that none will be aware if one chance to have qualms of conscience or stirrings of humanity, and so that none will be aware if one chances to have a moment of individual awareness. To wake surrounded by the inhabitants of a dream, would be dangerous as to swim with sharks.

One must lie easily, remembering always the essential falsehoods of one's profession, and believing the lies as they are invented on the tongue. If you do not believe your own lies as you speak them, nobody else will believe them, and you will have withdrawn sufficiently from the game that you may not beleive the lies of your peers.

Truth will never be as popular as lies, because it seems harder, and bleaker. Almost invariably, we prefer the phonies among our contemporaries, rather than folks of truth or genius. In superficiality is happiness, when we fear the truth, and feel belittled by genius. Little people love displays of littleness, because littleness allows them to feel real, and nobody loves to feel substantial as a bubble.

One who perceives the surface clearly enough, will understand the depths beneath the surface comfortably, though inartuclably, and may be uninterested in those depths. To be a successful seller, one must ignore anything beyond the surface of reality. One must believe in the surface with unfeigned sincerity.

Sincerity is prized, while honesty is abhorred, and sincerity must have the appearance of sincerity, or it counts as nothing. Every intelligent and civilized society values sincerity more than it values sincerity itself. The appearance of reality is more important than is actual reality. Appearance is the only thing that superficials dare to trust, the only thing that may be discussed easily.

The appearance is real and exists on the superficial plane of reality, and is the nearest thing to substance that is available to normal folks. The appearance of things is the clearest indicator of truth and reality and substance, that normalcy is permitted, and this is healthy. To ignore the appearance and the superficial, is unhealthy.

This plane of the superficial is the domain of those three masters we spoke of. Business, and Government, and Media each has a fine and imposing abode on this level, and each has many servants and formidable affairs.

To be excellent at business, one must enjoy it utterly, and one must consider it a fine game to be played well. To be a champion at business, beyond mere excellence, it must be religion. Somebody who is so good at being bad, must pay an awful price for the privilege. Why do so many people pay such a devastating price, forsaking conscience, family, and self?

Every religion requires martyrs, and martyrs work for nothing. Their bosses reap the glory.

We strive to succeed in business because acquisition is the human pursuit, and we would match our fellows. What pleasure would be found in life apart, striving for baubles our various authority figures have preached against, striven to suppress, and mocked? The fruits of acquisition seem tangible. They can be held in hand like Faberge eggs. They can be walked upon, like beaches in an earthly paradise. Their acquisition permits us to forget the coming and the gnawing precipice, the yawning reward, the sleep without rest.

Our fear dissolves when we confront the acceptedly real and the acceptedly desirable, and if later it proves a mirage, that is irrelevant.

Pursueing what our fellows pursue, we forget our smallness, insignificance and loneliness. What comfort had Galileo though he was right? What comfort had Gauguin? What comfort had Christ? The human needs went unanswered, and each must have been a focal point of cosmic doubt, an arena of the psyche. The loneliness must have been fraught with horror, and fear.

In the night our human loneliness crawls across the ceiling and stares down at us, and though we cannot see it, we feel that it is there. It mocks us as we watch it through our closed or open eyes, or through our fingers which splay like trembling fans upon our faces. We hear it scuttling and we hear it whimpering and whispering like the beating of a heart. We are reminded of the basis on which all illusion shimmers awhile, and it is unmindful of us, and unkind. We want the great basis to confide with us, and its tongue is unmoved.

Honorable suffering is humanity's only possible gift to Deity, and it is not enough.

It is our normal desire to escape the offering of that gift, and we attempt this when we choose to remain always on the surface of desire, the surface of reality and life. Therefore a reasonable society embraces the march of business, and of war. War is only business with its sleeves rolled up.

All of the world's business has one goal, and efforts made in business have been attempts pulsing toward that goal. To define the goal precisely would require the use of many words, and two aspects would be implicit in any definition, and would be explicit in any honest definition. Despite any decorative digressions, the goal of business and of war includes the enslavement of the human race and the destruction of the planet.

The best people among the devotees to commerce, these myrmidons to Mammon, prefer to pretend that their personal goals are somehow short of this grand goal, but in their hearts and brains they know that nobody is fooled. Each can tell easily what the others do, and each permits a mantle of confusion to settle over all.

Lying doesn't bother them. They are good at it. The unluckiest among them pale with disgust every morning when they confront the bathroom mirror. The luckiest among them are scarcely ashamed at all. The proudest among them are frightened because they know they have betrayed themselves, and somewhere the almost inaudible voice of conscience still murmurs.

While it's true that those who are too susceptible to morality's punctilio may be disgusted by business, it's also true that we are easily disgusted by things we are not in sympathy with. For many folks, and usually for the poorest of us, business is just the science of cheating people, a mindless obscenity, and yet to a business buff, the act of being in business justifies one's existence to oneself and to one's Deity. Sometimes businessfolks wonder that they are unable to appreciate the uncommon, and yet is that truly so odd, since they revel so in the common?

Does a robber-baron truly believe that a lifetime dedicated to the crippling and assasination of whole families by the thousands is balanced by building a concert hall as he is about to die? Do such acts of dishonor go unrecorded into the dawn of prehistory and the dusk of post-history?

"As mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyze the manner of its composition, so, sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours, every thought and act, every vice and virtue, of every responsible creature on it." Amen.

And yet their desperate hope and prayer is for a Ptolemaic and all-inclusive silence, silent as a perfectly managed conscience, even on Sunday.

BIKE MESSENGERS AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST GENTRIFICATION/SPATIAL DECONCENTRATION

During the monarchy of King Koch a very definite pattern of harassment attacks began (and remain) against a segment of workers and the poor whose base is the street. The list includes: attacks on pedlars and vendors, the focus being to remove them to other areas or removing them altogether; attacks on windshield cleaners; a new dress code for cabbies (they were almost forced to wear a uniform); well known attacks on the homeless (throwing them out of parks and stations, removing benches from Broadway islands on the upper west side, new subway platform benches that one can't lie in, putting homeless in mental hospitals, proposals for "storing" the homeless in military camps...); curfews on parks; new restrictive park regulations on people's "behavior"; and new subway regulations restricting musicians playing for money, leafletters, and also generally inhibiting "behavior".

There were/are also attacks on street level culture such as the anti-postering law; proposed regulations to shut clubs down early; and restrictions on street musicians.

The current and most visible and explosive aspect of the attacks is the continuing war of Tompkins Square Park and its environs.

In the midst of all this were many attacks on bike messengers: massive pig ticketing blitzes of bikers accompanied by some arrests and a number of beatings (all reported beatings were against minorities); proposed licensing of messengers, including foot messengers, which would among other things force us to wear a uniform; and buildings increasingly forcing messengers to go thru degrading sign-in/sign-out procedures and/or forcing us to use special entrances/elevators. The culmination was the infamous proposed "bike-ban" forcing bicyclists (the target obviously being bike messengers) out of a section of midtown altogether.

All of the above examples, taken as an aggregate, amount to a new enclosure: restricting people's "behavior" and movement; restricting their space or eliminating their space altogether; removing people (or put uniforms on them!).

The pattern is obvious; "clean up" and remove from the streets the hardcore and gritty, the counterculture and minorities.* Bike messengers fit all of the above. The fact that the system needs us comes up against an "attitudinal gentrification" of "get those scum out of here."

Capitalism is changing rapidly. Automation and change-over from manufacturing to information industries has meant that a large sector of the population is no longer needed. Cities all over are following a similar pattern; push out the poor and nonconformist, bring in the rich. We're "in the way", we scare them, we're "bad for business". They say we de-attract business, business people, and tourism. I remember being at a licensing hearing for messengers and listening to someone supporting licensing. He said he used to work for a major luxury passenger shipping line servicing NYC. He went on and on about cleaning up the streets of "those scruffy so-and-so's" so "good people" would want to come back to NYC. He wanted to say "Those Niggers!" so bad...

So, I'm bringing this all up to put things in perspective, to show how many seemingly unconnected scenes and jobs are really very interconnected to the gentrification/spatial deconctration process.

Above all, what the powers really fear, is the unification of these scenes and our revolutionary anti-yup potential.

To contact the bike messengers: Independent Courier Association (ICA) c/o Transportation Alternatives, 494 Broadway, NYC 10012 (212) 941-4600.

* The "home front" part of this new enclosure is the removal of minorities and the poor via rent increases, co-ops, arson for profit, etc.

Elimination also comes into play via AIDS and the lack of serious attention to controlling it. Along with primarily gays it's the disease of inner-city minorities and the poor.

The military is part of this too: because of a lack of jobs/options many young minorities sign up and become removed from the inner cities via the military recruiter.

The Enigmatic Emissary

PROOF READING EXORCISE No. SIX

David M. MacDonald, president at this point in time, of the 1,000,00 member United Steel Workers of America, is a man who's doom it is to live like a ghost. Which ghost is that of Phillip Murray who was the Steel Workers founder, first president- -and much else besides. No day in the private or labour life of MacDonald passes without being compared with his great successor.

Since Murray is one of the Saints of the Labor movement no-one can come well off in the comparision. To the steelworkers, he is a remote, aloof figure who they barely see in the flesh but more often in the newspapers and in the media, where he appears indistingishable from executives. What the steel worker recollects of Murray is the memory of an humble homespun man who spoke his men's language, and had the answers to their myriad of problems. The steelworker- -when he thinks of it, doesn't like the change. In fact the rank and file mill hands feel so strongly about it that in addition to living with a ghost, Macdonald has had to live with a revolt.

In 1958 a volcano of rank and file unrest boiled over in a viable election campaign in which an obscure millhand ran against president MacDonald, and in the face of MacDonalds well-heeled campaign gathered one of every 3 votes.

To understand MacDonald, it is necessary to digress momentarily to Phil Murray: The steel worker's Executive Suite on the eigth floor of downtown Pitsburg's Commonwealth building differs little from the quietly plush diggins with which the big wheels of buisness surround themselves, say on New York's 5th Ave.

Here the corner office was ocupied 'till his death by Phil Murray, then head of the Union and the C.I.O. too. As any organization man knows, the Corner Office is the symbol of the arrived man to be ocupied by heirarchic right by the chief, with cross venitlation and a double view. Yet symbolically MacDonald, although President, adjures the the corner officer Philip Murray once ruled and that 8th floor office remains empty: a shrine to the great man

.

Murphy, though absolute master of his union, seldom summoned the peons to his office, he got up and went to them. Andhumble man, he never forgot his origins, of a coaldigger. Nor did he, as he, himself put it "never have any doubt what I wanted to doto my life",- - e.g. organize unions. Though he became one of the might-of-the-land, visited the White House and sat down to hammer out, with the executive boards of Big Steel comprised of rugged individuals like Benjamin W. Farless. But he remained a sentimental minor with a Scotch-bur in his speech who could work on a man's feelings and emotions, shredding a tear himself if it served the ocassions purpose.

To the steel worker ol' Murral was Phil, the kindly father, who He was as the steel & mine workers retorted; "one of us2". Because he had a common touch, he never stood on thin ground with the comrades.

Differnet than Murray, who "never had a doubt about what I wanted to do," MacDonald had doubt-ridden misgivings. With one of the most extensive longest, careers in the labor movement, some thirty years- - Macdonald doesn't seem to be part of the Labor movement, quite.

When You

BUY an AUTOMOBILE

You GIVE

3 Months' Work

to Someone

Which
Allows
Him to
BUY

OTHER PRODUCTS

BUY A CAR NOW—HELP BRING BACK PROSPERITY

DOCUMENTS FROM TIANANMEN SQUARE

These pieces are from a batch of material assembled by the anarchist movement in Hong Kong and distributed by the IWA. Media representation in the west of the protest in Tiananmen Square was sensationalist and superficial; self-congragulatory as well, such as when the Goddess of Democracy was presented, bearing a likeness to the Statue of Liberty. The protest the students initiated was neither counter-revolutionary nor revolutionary, as these documents suggest. Their protest was essentially reformist in intent and nationalist in character. Their gesture, joined by many millions throughout China, was to have been an appeal to the government, not an insurrection. Mass movements are not so easily controlled nor limited, though; China is no exception to this, and, in fact, exemplifies it.

WHY THE COMMEMORATION ACTIVITIES OF HU YAOBANG TURNED INTO A DEMOCRACY MOVEMENT

(Excerpts from a speech at Tiananmen Square on 21st April, 1989, by Ren Wendin)

Since 18th April the capital of China, Beijing, has seen another eruption of a massive protest movement for democracy. The number who have taken part is so great that it was comparable to the April Fifth incident in 1976.

In fact, the death of an ex-General Secretary of the Communist Party should not have been commemorated in such an excessive way. It was like the "April Fifth" revolution thirteen years ago. People took the oppurtunity to commemorate Zhou Enlai to wage an anti-authoritarian, anti-feudal socialist mass movement. It was also similar to the democracy wall movement of 1979 during which Hu Yaobang personally advised that "people should not be readily arrested," but in the end the main leaders of the democracy wall movement were arrested and prosecuted. In the present movement, the unleashing of the people's emotions, their thoughts and ideas, has been channelled towards the shortcomings of the whole social and political structure of China. I love my teacher but I love truth even more.

The Communist Party co-opted the people's slogan "Open and Reform" from the democracy wall movement ten years ago and the people of China experienced a certain amount of freedom and improvement. But the fourty years of monolithic rule by the Communist Party that has given rise to all kinds of bad things are keenly experienced by the people.

Therefore inevitably and shockingly, there appeared colossal signs and slogans like "Overthrow Autocracy" and "Down With Dictatorship" at the monument of martyrs at Tiananmen Square. Even the New China News Agency in its own editorial on 20th April mentioned that people were shouting slogans like "Down With the Communist Party." The voices of "Long Live Democracy," "Long Live Human Rights" and "Long Live Freedom" became louder and louder and they constituted the main theme and melody of this protest movement. The Internationale was sung over and over again, and sung here the Internationale has a new meaning with a new affect.

No fair and objective witness or observer could ever attribute what is happening to a small handful of people with an ulterior motive to agitate, destroy, and create disturbance. People making such accusations irresponsibly are trying to protect their privileges. The people will not tolerate such slandering and lies.

Four years ago the workers were falsely accused of initiating the student movement of 1986. Some workers were sentenced to imrisonment. They were framed.

Chinese politics is a big caricature of eight in one--party and power as one, party and government as one, party and the legal system as one, party and state as one, party and the armed forces as one, party and the people as one, party and the economy as one, party and culture as one.

The Constitution merely lays down the limited area within which civil rights are allowed. These limits shall not be surpassed. The rights of the government prevail over those of private individuals. The law is clearly restrictive, limiting, and repressive as far as cilvil rights are concerned. The law is not protective, open nor is it encouraging.

Regulations for demonstrations and other regulations now in the pipeline will, in a place like China where there is no rule of law, necessarily become the chains that strengthen control, restrictions, and the repression of civil rights.

The Communist Party staged the Cultural Revolution and many other political thought campaigns in violation of the Constitution. The civil rights of over a billion people have been infringed upon and taken away for a long time. The Party has persecuted to death or put in prolonged imprisonment several million people who were in the social reform parties, the Communist Party, and the democratic parties. The Communist Party has committed unforgivable historical crimes against the Chinese people.

That the Communists have ignored the mighty call in China and abroad for the amnesty and release of the people imprisoned for participation in the democracy wall movement reveals once more the painful fact that under totalitarian one party rule without the rule of law, the enactment of law can actually be used to viciously attack and persecute political opposition. On the other hand, the Party is above the law and able to flout the Constitution.

Public opinion at home and abroad both call for the release of certain political prisoners. How would this affect the stability of the country?

Let us look at all the turmoil in contemporary China. Which one is not caused by the internal strife of the Communist Party? If the Communist Party has no internal turmoil than there won't be any turmoil in China.

The superficial relaxation, harmony, stability and solidarity found in our society has been based on a general repression of the masses and the blood, the life, the loss of freedom and health of several million fine people in the country. The Chinese people don't need such unreal relaxation, harmony, stability, and solidarity. These are not the political goals of the people but the private ends of the one party and the eight parties.

"Having hit the kids wrongly" is the remorse of gangsters.

"Not minding mum's ugliness" is the hypnotisation of gangsters.

No matter how the Constitution will be amended and rederafted, the fight for the realization of all the civil rights written in the existing Constitution is one of the basic demands of the people's movements in the past and future.

Many members of the Communist Party and the democratic parties lost their heads and lives in past movements. But the Constitution must not be tainted by those private profiteering cliques that are decadent, corrupt, and repressive.

Human rights are rights of the people. Human rights demands and democratic demands are the preconditions for one another. The renaissance and social progress in Europe have their revolutionary beginnings in the liberation of human rights and respect to the value of man.

We must strongly oppose the accusation that we are "hoisting the legal flag" and carrying out illegal things. We must object to the suppression of legal activities. What is legal is legal and illegal, illegal. If it is "hoisting the legal flag" then it must be recognized as legal.

At the same time, constitutional reform is on the agenda. The people's movement appeals to the awakening of the legal experts and professionals.

The Constitution has laid down that all the rights of the People's Republic of China belong to the people. However those high sounding articles are abstract and empty words.

If the four fundamental principles [guaranteeing the Party's "leading role"] do not disappear from the Constitution then the four fundamental principles would hang above us, considered more important than human rights. In this case, "all powers belong to the people" would be a fraud.

If the monolithic eight in one social political structure cannot be eliminated from the map of China and substituted by a pluralistic social cultural structure, then the open door and reform and the rejuvenation of the people are simply the picture of a cake hung on the wall, and may always be a picture of a cake.

To reform the social system of our country was the highest ideal and programme of the Democracy Wall movement ten years ago and remains so with the people's movements now and in the future.

Students! If the monolithic imperial structure cannot be transformed fundamentally, how can education save the country? How can science be upheld?

Which is more important? The country? The race? Or the liberation of human nature and human rights? Or the implementation of civil rights? That is to say, does the cohesion of the race depend on the mobilization of external forces of a party or does it rely on the voluntary gathering of individual members of the race who have been truly liberated and vested with rights?

Although the demands for human rights and democracy of the Democracy Wall movement are similar to those made during the period of May Fourth [a movement in 1919 in which students demanding "Science and Democracy" were violently repressed] and other periods, the meaning and consequences are quite different. Such demands have been made after the Communist takeover of the Government in 1949.

Human rights and democracy are the eternal themes of the people's movements. Even at the centenary of the May Fourth movement the Chinese people shall be politically seeking these ideals.

The revolutionary May Fourth movement can only be replaced by the revolutionary people's movement. And only the domain of people's democracy will link up and inherit the domain of May Fourth. It will not be the domain of power.

Today the "Chinese race" has not arrived at its most dangerous hour. Rather it is the people's rights, people's democracy and the social reform of China that is reaching its most dangerous hour.

The students of the 86 student's movement were accused of bourgeois liberalism for evercising their civil rights. But workers and citizens became the scapegoats for the student movement.

The people involved in the Democracy Wall movement were exercising their civil rights to defend people's democracy. They were the first to promote the liberation of thought and freedom of speech. They propelled political history and art and culture into a new era but they were cruelly suppressed and imprisoned. Those who have been released are repressed and face discrimination.

The reforms are in a state of dilemma and serious contradiction. This is because they touched on the eight in one system and the private gains of party and government officials.

This is the state of affairs: greed and corruption, bending of the law, political degeneration, party regulations and discipline not upheld, righteousness not upheld, rampant inflation, increasing thefts and robberies, people boiling with anger, people suffering,no firm laws, country not going like a country...the reforms are in the crisis of being aborted.

However, the modern democracy movement in China has manifested itself in various forms: attempts by the democratic parties to govern in the 50s, people's revolts including the Cultural Revolution, the April Fifth revolution, the Democracy Wall movement, the student movement of 85, the student movement of 86, the petitions in 89 and the present movement. Again and again the people's democratic protests and demonstrations that are so huge, wakened the communist rulers who were forced to correct their mistakes and chart an appropriate course. Again and again the country's crisis is resolved.

This may look like turmoil at times but what harm does it do to the country, the race, or the governing party? Have they ever treated seriously the petitions by individuals or groups? Have petitions ever moved them to any response?

The wreathes at the monument, the masses at Tiananmen Square, the marches through Changan Street, the sit-ins outside Hsin Hua Gate are all good means to educate the governing party.

If the democracy movement has done anything wrong it may be the fact that democratic construction has never been in the form of multi-party cooperation under the leadership of one but rather in the form of revolutionary baptism through a series of people's movements. The foundation on which the People's Republic was built was not the daily degenerating political atmosphere but the repeated drilling and grilling of the people's movement. The soul of the Chinese people is not sculpted by the worsening party style but by the heroism of the many people's movements.

The people are most radical and they are the wisest. They are the cleanest and the most powerful.

People are now discovering that the frequency in the eruption of people's movements has become higher and higher. In this age of knowledge and information explosion, the monolithic imperial dynasty lasting for two or three hundred years will be no more unless there is a retrogression to a closed door era.

The freely formed association is a common tool for humankind to transform society. The full development of the people's democracy movement and its growing sophistication will inevitably call for union of social organizations and leadership of political parties.

The people's movements on both sides of the Strait over the past years reveal the truth that apart from the Communist Party, the Kuomintang, the eight democratic parties, and the Democratic Progressive Party, there exists the people's democratic forces that will never disappear. No ruling party nor party in opposition can represent such forces.

The Democracy Wall movement produced a simple programme, "The Chinese Declaration of Human Rights," and a loose political organization known as the Human Rights League. The various organizations planned joint meetings and formulated united declarations which were closely adhered to. The organizations frequently formulated joint actions and supporting activities.

The shortcoming of the student movement in 1986 was that they were only vague slogans like democracy, human rights, and freedom. There was no concrete action programme nor were there any long term goal for the struggle. It did not voice the feelings of the masses against inflation, for lowering prices, raising wages, etc. and it lost their support. The student movement in 1989 should develop its own theoretical conclusion and assesment.

The workers in the country should fight for the independence of their trade unions from the party. If not, they should form their own.

In the democracy wall movement and the student movement of 1986, workers were arrested and jailed. The lesson of this is that our organizations were loose and small. Students should give assistance to the workers.

Only when several ten million producing workers realize that their democratic rights will not be given to them as gifts but are something to be fought for, and when they command the situation of the country, their production in China will truly take off and the tasks of democracy will soon be accomplished.

Give amnesty and release those arrested and jailed for participation in the Democracy Wall movement and the student movement of 1986. Reverse the verdicts on those movements. This must be an important subject in our dialogue with the government.

We must also fight for higher wages and oppose price inflation.

Fight for basic housing; oppose the sale of houses at high prices.

Fight for democracy on the university campus; oppose intervention by university authorities.

Fight for the freedom to publish newspapers; oppose the counter-revolution convictions.

Workers, brothers. Organize your own organizations legally. Long live the coalition of students and workers.

translated by C.Y. Mok

Ren Wendin graduated from the Beijing Architectural and Engineering College. He was imprisoned for his participation in the Democracy Wall movement from 1979 to 1983. After his release Ren worked in the Beijing Equipment and Fixture Company.

MAY 17 DECLARATION

Since 2pm, May 13, three thousand odd students in Tiananmen Square have been going on with their hunger strike for nearly 100 hours. Till now, more than seven hundred students have fainted. This is an unprecedented tragedy in the history of our mother country. Students asked for a denunciation of the April 26 editorial in the "People's Daily;" they asked for a live broadcast of their dialogue with the Government. Before us, children of our mother country passed out one after another, and the righteous demands of the students received no attention day after day. This explains why the hunger strike has to go on. Now the problem of our mother country is completely exposed to the people of the whole of China and to the whole world. This problem is: the autocrat has in his hands unlimited power; the Government has already forgotten its responsibilities and has retained no humanity. Such an irresponsible and inhuman government is not the government of the Republic. It is only a government existing under the power of an autocrat.

The Qing Dynasty declined seventy-six years ago; yet China still has an emperor without the title of an emperor--an autocrat who is advanced in years and muddle-headed. Yesterday afternoon, Party General Secretary Zhao Ziyang openly declared that in China all important decisions must be approved by this senile autocrat. Without the words of this autocrat the April 26 editorial of the "People's Daily" cannot be denounced. The students have already perservered with the hunger strike for nearly 100 hours. We are left with no other choices now: the people of China can no longer wait for the autocrat to admit his mistakes; we can only rely on the students themselves and the people themselves. We pronounce before the whole of China and the whole world today that from this very moment, the great 100 hour hunger strike of the students has gained a remarkable victory. The students themselves have already pronounced with their own actions that this student movement is not a riot, it is a patriotic pro-democracy movement which is to bury China's last autocrat and China's last imperial regime.

Let us cry aloud: Victory with the hunger-strikers' struggle! Long live the spirit of non-violent protest!

Down with Autocracy! Autocrats will come to bad ends!

Do away with the April 26 editorial!

Old-men politics must come to an end! Autocrats must resign from their positions!

Long live the University Students! Long live the People! Long live Democracy! Long live Freedom!

Signed by: Yan Jiaqi, Bao Zunxin, Li Nanyou, Yang Lujun

PEOPLE IN COMMAND

For many years, this country with a population of one billion people has been under a dictatorship run by a handful of bureaucrats who hoist the banner of socialis while in real practice adopt policies that stultify the people and oppress the intellectuals. They are high up there on top of the ruling echelon, wielding absolute power beyond the bounds of constitutional laws and party regulations. They create their own entourage of relatives and close associates to sustain their rule.

Of all these people the most outstanding one is the Empress Dowager of our day. He manipulates politics from behind the curtain. He cares about nothing but his bridge game. He closes his eyes to the suffering of the people and therefore splits the mass, antagonizing the people. The country is trapped in internal and external debt while people's livlihood is hard hit by heavy taxes and uncontrollable inflation. China, this huge country with more than a billion people is considered to be one of the most backward countries in the world. Despite well known facts, he still tries, by manipulating the mass media, to fool the people into believing that China has the highest GNP and all that stuff.

Does our country still have a place among the nations of the world? Why are we, as human as all the others, so poor and backward? Is it because we are incapable? If the excuse is that we have too huge a population, then is Japan not also an intensively populated country? And if the excuse is that the US has a longer history than our republic, then what about Taiwan and South Korea? Why are all these countries better than ours? In recent years the bureaucrats have become more and more corrupt and the leadership more incapable. Why?! People have been demanding an answer. Li Peng came out and said that his three children have not been involved in abusing their position for economic gain, but that is not enough, as Premier. You must stop all abuses. As the Premier, you still have not discovered the most corrupt bureaucrats and those who most abuse their power. What are you doing up there?

You people have made a mess of China which is rich in human and natural resources. It has been to easy an excuse to say that China has no experience in building socialism and that the Party has been leading the people to cross the river, trying to locate the stepping stones, but which is the way? There must have been many people who could not find the stepping stones and drowned. Are people's lives so worthless that the bureaucrats can play with them like chips in their hands? The reforms have been carried out for more than ten years, but where are we heading? Which bureaucrats can give us a solid answer? Of course there is the popular saying: white cat or black cat, the one that catches mice is the good cat. But if both cats get into a fight for the same rat, only confusion and contradiction will ensue. The division will be furthered. The result will be that the bureacrat cats will get fatter while the people get thinner. Is this the appropriate way to run the country?

Premier Chow En-lai once said: whoever wins the students will win the future. Chairman Mao said: whoever suppresses the student movement will find himself in a dead-end. Dust stays on if you don't use a broom to sweep it away. So are reactionaries. We must struggle to bring them down. Political power comes out of the barrel of a gun. There must be sacrifice. We must be prepared for that if we are to fight for democracy. The ruling class will not leave the historical stage on their own; they will not bestow us with democratic rights. We must go for it ourselves. Without democracy, power abuses cannot be eradicated; and for democracy to be genuinely realized, the system of life-long officialdom must be abandoned. With a one-man dictatorship democracy is just an empty word. Without democracy there are no human rights, and without human rights we are all simply slaves.

Let us not denigrate ourselves; we want to be masters of the world. We must be swift in keeping the fire of democracy burning and not let the oppurtunity slip away. It has been proven in practice that the on-going democracy movement is first and foremost a question of political power. Only by overthrowing the dictators is there hope for the democracy movement to go forward. Otherwise retaliation from the dictators will be waiting for us. We are here to answer the call of the democracy movement. The following are the lyrics for the school song of the Yenan Anti-Japanese University:

> workers, students, and businessman, unite and run toward the battle-front of the patriotic movement. Listen, the voice of democracy is calling; look, the banner of liberty is flying. We workers, students, and businessmen run together into the torrential storm and rough waves to receive the dawn. Workers, students, businessmen and all the people rise up, run to the battle-front of the patriotic movement.

Comrades, we do oppose some leaders in the Party, but that doesn't mean that we oppose the leadership of the Party. We oppose some leaders in the government, but we are not rejecting socialism. Is it not due to the lack of democracy that the dictators can liberally accuse us of what we are not? Should we allow this to continue? The people will not. All the people unite! We must sweep Deng Xiaoping off the stage of history in order to save China and the people, and leave a new page of democracy and freedom in China.

Autonomous Workers' Union of Beijin

(translated by C. Yuen)

On the Present Democratic Patriotic Movement on the Mainland: Pinning Hope on a Bright Sky When the Sky is not to Be Seen

Since the building of the Republic by the Chinese Communist Party in 1949, we have always thought that the main contradiction in our society was the contradiction between backwardness in productive forces and the growing material and cultural needs of the people. In actual fact, if this social contradiction--one out of many--is to be regarded as the chief contradiction in Chinese society at the present time, then it is due to a kind of propaganda deception. This is also the reason why the Chinese mainland is unable to catch up with the developments of the rest of the world. In essence, the main contradiction at the present moment is the contradiction between democracy and autocracy, between the rule of law and the rule of man.

Such contradictions as these have never been resolved in any meaningful and substantial manner since the founding of the Republic. Therefore, the deepening of such a contradiction must generate turmoil in society. The source of all the turmoil that has taken place in the past are not any of the so-called "counter-revolutionary cliques." The turmoil is the result of this deepening contradiction. The same turmoil would put a temporary brake on the further deepening of the contradiction. The same can be said of the democracy movement. When we hear the old tune of class struggle and condemnation of the movement as turmoil, it should sound familiar. However, if the present democratic patriotic movement merely results in the defusing of this contradiction, then it goes against the spirit of the present movement.

I think we can raise many questions as to how to analyze and understand the present democracy movement.

First of all, the students who constitute the main force in the present democracy movement have created some fallacious views. Remember the comment in the "People's Daily": "Some students have raised the slogan 'Down With the Communist Party.'" The "People's Daily" seized upon this to formulate its editorial on April 26. In order to clarify their position, in the great march on the 27th the students unanimously held up banners saying "Support the Communist Party." This slogan, integrated into the political life of the mainland, implies that the students support the one party autocracy of the Communist Party. Yet in reality, in political life, one of the meanings of democracy is to allow dissent. In terms of political parties democracy means the existence of multi-party government. From this analysis it is not difficult to see that the students are asking for democracy and freedom on the basis of a compromise with autocracy. But such fallascious thinking leads nowhere. Therefore, the discussions between government officials and the representatives of the students reapetedly ended in dead-lock. If we were to attribute the failure of these talks to the insincerity of the government officials, then we have not identified the true reason for our failure.

This fallacious thinking runs in direct contradiction to the spirit of democracy, freedom, science, and the rule of law, and is a shortcoming that should be seriously looked at. In a way, this weakness can be fatal. Their organization is loose and the representativeness of the members is not reliable. The appearance of certain bureaucratic phenomena has been disheartening, and has also led to disappointment among the overseas Chinese. That such problems exist is amply revealed by the withdrawal of Wang Dan and Wuer Kaixi as leaders of the autonomous students' organization.

More frightening is the fact that the students have adopted some feudalist backward means to fight for democracy. Before Wan Li [Chairman of the National People's Congress] returned to the country from his visits abroad, were there not many people placing their hopes on Wan Li, the "incorruptible judge"? Once again, we were looking for a master: we were chaining people to the belt of one single man. Mao Zedong once said about Deng Xiaoping that Deng was useful but he must not be put into great use. "He is a wolf from the height of the mountains and once he possesses power, he runs wild." But since there exist no legal checks, no one can escape from falling into the same pattern of "running wild whilst possessing power." Our experiences under Mao Zedong and Deng Xiaoping should be a constant reminder for us. A leader proven correct all the time can continue to be a leader, but life-long leadership must not become an institution. Otherwise the poisonous fluid of feudalism floods into the fields of modern society.

We can all see that in China the people who are really placed under the iron fist of arbitrary rule and slavery are not the students but the workers and peasants and other strata of society. In the democracy movement the students, who have had greater freedom than the others, are voicing louder demands for democracy and freedom. This reality should change. In fact, the people who should speak are not the students but all the others.

We can see that we lack an over-all estimation of the movement and a positive campaign, and thus appear to be passive and blind. This problem has to do with the lack of cohesive organization, and only by establishing a democratic and efficient leading organization can we put together the wisdom of various groups and provide a strong leadership for the movement. This is the problem we are now working to solve.

This movement is now at its anti-climax. The enthusiasm of the people and the students have decreased. This can be seen by the government's deception campaign and manipulation of th people, and the public's inablility to give a strong response to the student's rally.. We can see that the anti-climax is caused by ourselves. This may be ended by putting in more effort.

The analysis of the situation can be done in three dimensions: the government, the general public, and the students.

Government is now regarded as the government controlled by our oppoenents. Yang Shangkun and Li Peng's May 22nd speeches were full of hostility, but they are still being isolated. The reason they can gain the upper hand is that they control the military and the propaganda machinery. They have mainly two groups of opponents. One group is the so-called Reformists, led by Zhao Ziyang. He has supporters in the party, the government, and the military. These people are not easily dismissed. This is a well known fact for all those familiar with Chinese politics. Another group is the students and the general public. The government is using the propaganda machinery for a public opinion offensive in order to alleviate the power struggle within the party, but they have not purged the leaders of this movement. The workers were caught as a warning to the general public not to support this movement. They are very weak, very scared; this can be illustrated by the meagre support reported by the mass media every day. On the other hand, they are preparing for "war." As Yang Shangkun said, they cannot retreat--retreat means "down with the Communist Party." Here, the Communist Party refers to this handful of people. That is to say: either the fishes die or the net breaks. If we lose, what little we have achieved out of this movement will be buried along with the future of China.

As for the people of Beijing, the enthusiasm of the people and the workers has decreased. There are some people who need our support and inspiration; some are waiting for our new, strenghtened response. When the time comes they will stand on our side. The fate of a small group of people and workers has already been united with ours. We must actively strenthen this kind of bond. Whenever danger appears, we have to help them. This is the best policy of promotion. The trick of the government is to separate people and workers from students; we must not allow this trick of theirs to succeed.

There are other areas in the country which are far from experiencing an anticlimax, but are actually reaching the climax of the movement, such as Nanking. In his May 22nd speech Yang Shangkun said, "Other provinces and cities are joining in, such as Nanking, Guangshou, Hubei, Anhwei." This tells us that the movement is nation-wide, with Beijing as the pioneer. The whole nation is scrutinizing Beijing. Therefore we must quickly end this anti-climactic depression and let the burning fires of Beijing spread through the whole country.

Students are perhaps the most important aspect of the movement, yet their low moral is rather disappointing. This condition must not continue: promotion must be more vigorously carried out, and the student's internal organization must be strengthened. At the moment the link between the student organizers and the ordinary students seems to be broken. Among our organizers there may exist rather pessimistic sentiments, but we should acknowledge in unison that since we have already stood up we should persist to the very end. We are our own masters and whether the movement will reach a climax or depress into anti-climax all depends on the moves we make.

The situation now is relatively anti-climactic and mild. This is a very crucial moment, we still have the oppurtunity to reorganize ourselves and renew our strength. Also, we should realize that if we persist unyielding, then under the pressure of world-wide commentary and overseas voices, foolish as the government is, eventually it will have to compromise. The contraction of foreign investment, the public's withdrawal of bank deposits, are all features of an economic ultimatum which will directly affect their own interests and which they have to consider. We must not loosen up!

SO THEY DIED IN TIANANMEN SQUARE!

--an eyewitness account of the events at Tiananmen

I work for the Capital Iron and Steel Company. I arrived at Tiananmen Square at 6pm (June 3) to take a look at what was happening there because I still held a good feeling for the Government--however little such a feeling remained. On arriva I said to the students that the Government would not push us to a dead-end. So, I worked together with these university students.

1:10am, June 4. Gunshots crackled at Tiananmen. At that time I told them not to get frightened, that the shots were only aimed at the air and they should not panic nor take hold of any sticks or clubs. I said that we should talk to the army men, who, if convinced, should meet no resistance from us, and if things were reasoned out with them we should leave the Square--we could even be taken out by the troops, and we should not fight nor bleed.

At this point I noticed that two tanks at Changan Avenue near Tiananmen were set on fire. Immediately, I crossed to Nanzhizi Avenue where everyone was furious with the rampaging tanks and kept throwing stones at them. I hurried to stop them and shouted for no chaos, because we must not give the Government any excuse to accuse us of rioting. We must be in good order.

At 1:40am shots were fired. Police cars and armoured vehicles all rumbled eas ward. At 2am they made a real move. I could not determine whether it was the policemen or the armymen who fired at the crowd. Even then, everyone still thought th bullets were rubber-made! I kept holding the students back and urged them not to fight. Even if I could hold back just one student it was better than none. I came with a faith in peace. I alone did not play any significant role in the Square-- I could hold up neither a vehicle nor a soldier, but I believed I could convince the soldiers with words.

Now, in the burst of flames and cracks of gunfire, shattered was my belief in peace. The People's Liberation Army was firing at the people. The crowd was stunn by the sight of rows and rows of people falling down one after another. They sough to hide away. Some continued to run wildly; crowds of people were seen falling dov

Soon after the cracks of gunfire died down the military trucks and armoured vehicles rolled into the crowd. At that time people were everywhere in front of and inside Tiananmen Square. All of a sudden, they all lost their lives.

I hid away and counted the dead one by one. From 2:10am to 3:30am, at this same spot I counted 29 out of this blood pool.

Most tragic of all were the deaths of a female and her younger brother. The beaten brother, his back soaked in blood, was pulled out from the pool. At the si of this his sister pushed herself forward, lit a cigarette, and as she was about t rush towards the trucks the crowd hastened to stop her and make her understand tha the troops were no lonhger humans. She answered that she would not rush forward again. She smoked a few cigarettes. Then, suddenly, she lost control over her em tions again and ran towards the troops.

Seeing that she--being a female--was so daring, other youths rushed out too. At the beginning the soldiers did not open fire. Later they fired at those at the back of the running crowd. Upon the gunfire all the students fell to he ground. The sister kept hurling herself forward, neglecting her own safety.

I shouted at the troops that it was a "she" and that no soldiers would open fire at a female. Afterall, she was just a girl with nothing but a cigarette in h hand, not a time bomb. If the soldiers had remained a bit more human they would have waited to arrest her when she rushed in. But they directed a volley at her. Tens of steps away from the soldiers she stood straight and stiff, blood running a over her body. We rushed to rescue her, and the ground was left with a large pool of blood.

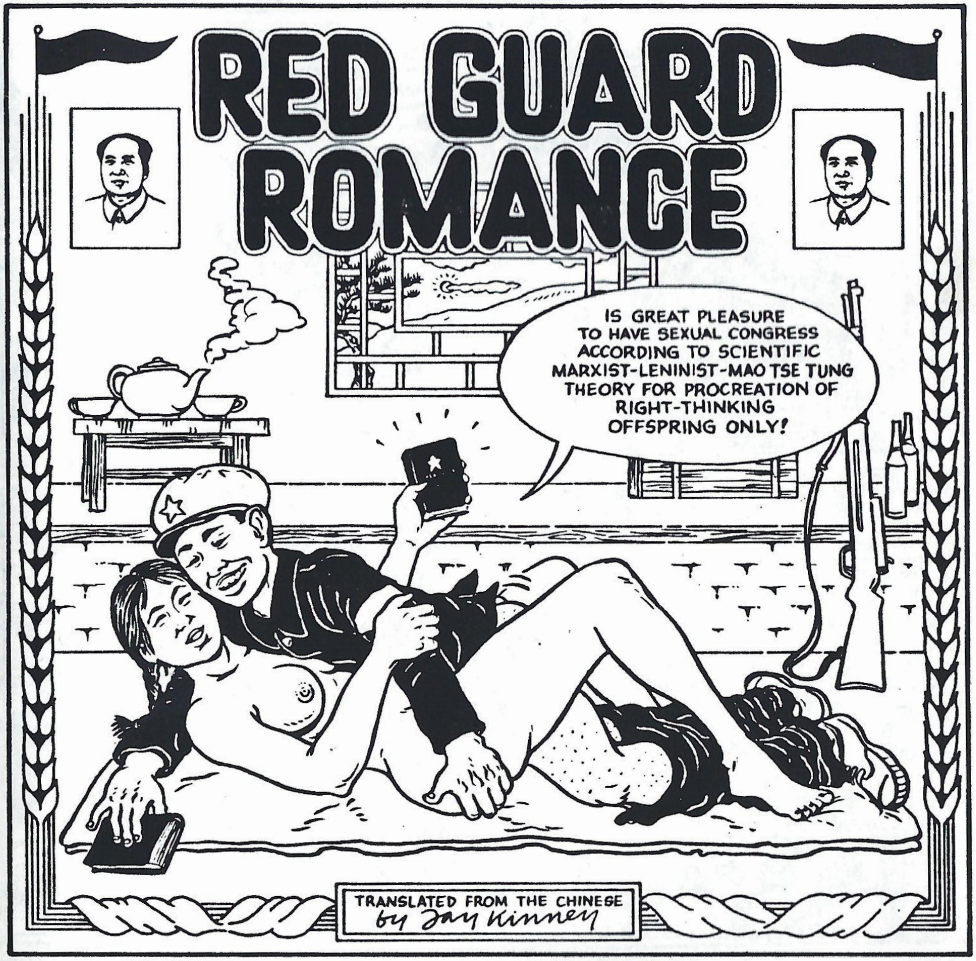
She was a tall lady, dressed in pink, just at her early twenties. For her, everything was over now.

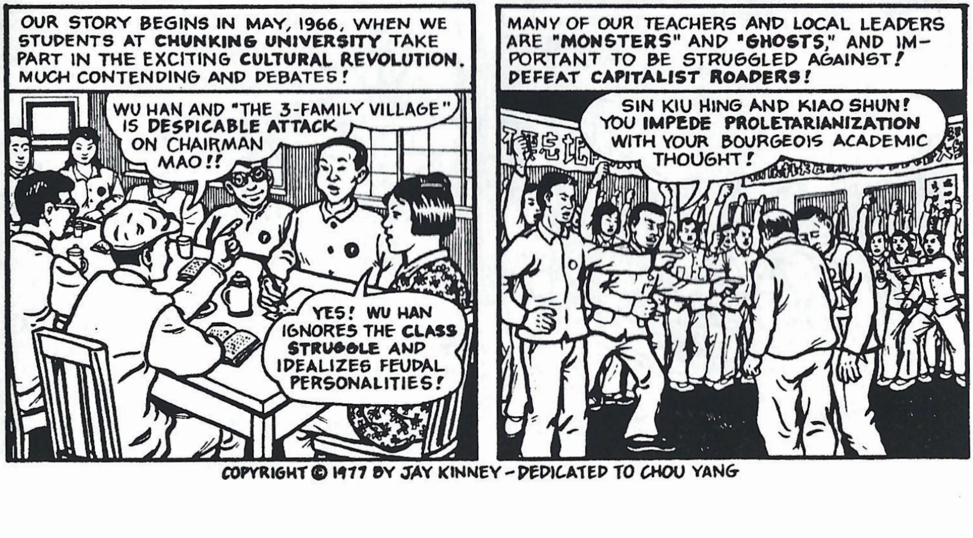
Open your eyes and you would see pools and pools of blood; and on the outer wall of the Imperial Palace, blood stain was everywhere.

The wounded should have been given first-aid. But the soldiers just did not make way for it. A public vehicle flying a first-aid flag tried to drive into th Square to rescue the wounded, but it was held up under the soldier's heavy fire. Its glass windows were all smashed. Then came an ambulance. It too was not allo into the Square. We saw genuinely with our own eyes great numbers of people lyin on the road, soaked in their own blood, waiting to be given first-aid, yet no rescue work was allowed. Many people wanted to go in to pull out those who lay woun but they were forced back. As such, the dying had still to suffer more shots fro time to time.

What could we do to resist? Nothing but a nation-wide strike. Knowing what has actually happened, how could anyone still say the student movement is a count revolution? But certainly, you can imagine what the official morning news report will say. No doubts, you can make the right guess. (END)

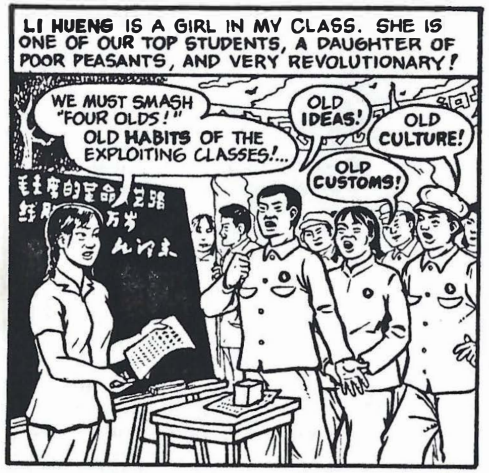
RED GUARD ROMANCE

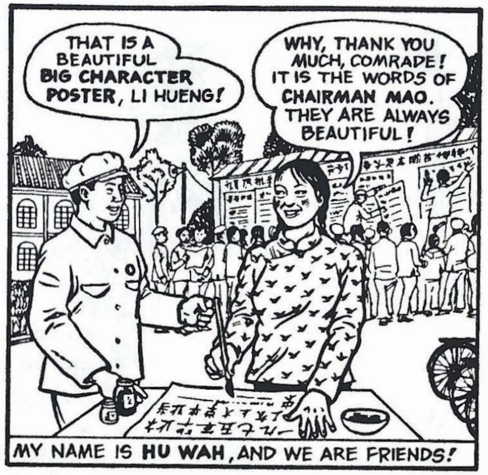

IS GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE SEXUAL CONGRESS ACCORDING TO SCIENTIFIC MARXIST-LENINIST-MAO TSE TUNG THEORY FOR PROCREATION OF RIGHT-THINKING OFFSPRING ONLY!
TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE by Jay Kinney


OUR STORY BEGINS IN MAY, 1966, WHEN WE STUDENTS AT CHUNKING UNIVERSITY TAKE PART IN THE EXCITING CULTURAL REVOLUTION. MUCH CONTENDING AND DEBATES!
WU HAN AND "THE 3-FAMILY VILLAGE" IS DESPICABLE ATTACK ON CHAIRMAN MAO!!
YES! WU HAN IGNORES THE CLASS STRUGGLE AND IDEALIZES FEUDAL PERSONALITIES!
MANY OF OUR TEACHERS AND LOCAL LEADERS ARE "MONSTERS" AND "GHOSTS," AND IMPORTANT TO BE STRUGGLED AGAINST! DEFEAT CAPITALIST ROADERS!
SIN KIU HING AND KIAO SHUN! YOU IMPEDE PROLETARIANIZATION WITH YOUR BOURGEOIS ACADEMIC THOUGHT!

COPYRIGHT © 1977 BY JAY KINNEY - DEDICATED TO CHOU YANG

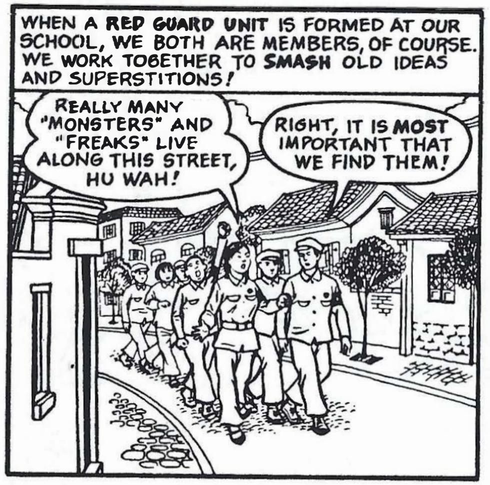
LI HUENG IS A GIRL IN MY CLASS. SHE IS ONE OF OUR TOP STUDENTS, A DAUGHTER OF POOR PEASANTS, AND VERY REVOLUTIONARY!


WE MUST SMASH "FOUR OLDS!" OLD **HABITS** OF THE EXPLOITING CLASSES!...
OLD **IDEAS!**
OLD **CULTURE!**
OLD **CUSTOMS!**

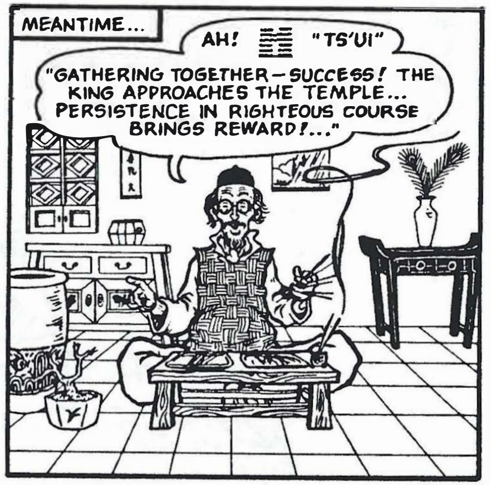

THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL **BIG CHARACTER POSTER**, LI HUENG!
WHY, THANK YOU MUCH, COMRADE! IT IS THE WORDS OF **CHAIRMAN MAO**. THEY ARE ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL!

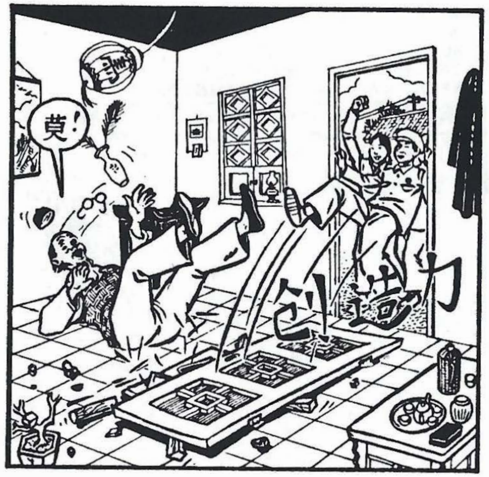
MY NAME IS **HU WAH**, AND WE ARE FRIENDS!

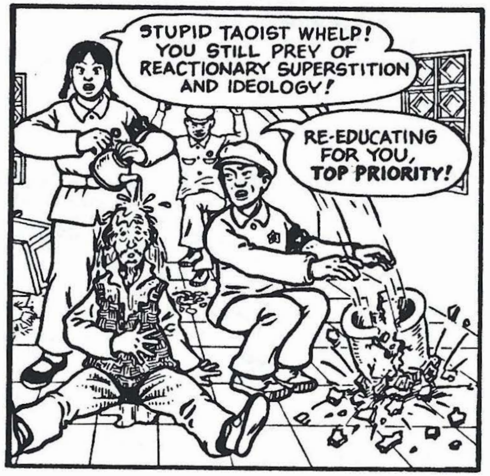
WHEN A **RED GUARD UNIT** IS FORMED AT OUR SCHOOL, WE BOTH ARE MEMBERS, OF COURSE. WE WORK TOGETHER TO **SMASH** OLD IDEAS AND SUPERSTITIONS!


REALLY MANY "MONSTERS" AND "FREAKS" LIVE ALONG THIS STREET, HU WAH!
RIGHT, IT IS **MOST** IMPORTANT THAT WE FIND THEM!

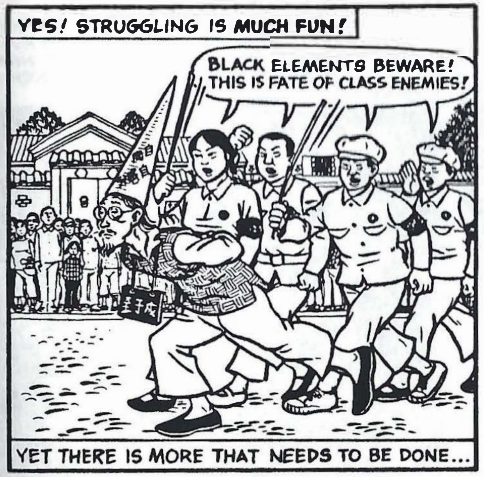
MEANTIME...


AH! ䷬ "TS'UI"
"GATHERING TOGETHER—SUCCESS! THE KING APPROACHES THE TEMPLE... PERSISTENCE IN RIGHTEOUS COURSE BRINGS REWARD!..."



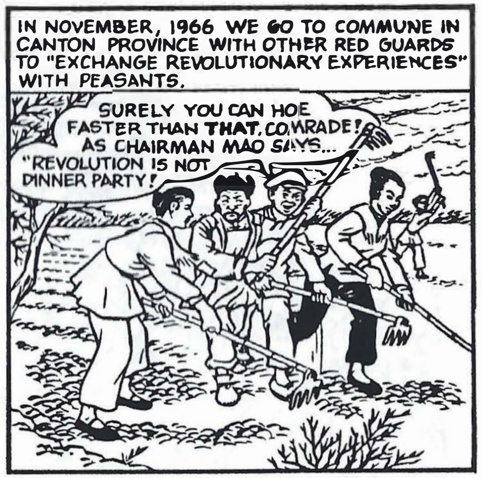

STUPID TAOIST WHELP! YOU STILL PREY OF REACTIONARY SUPERSTITION AND IDEOLOGY!
RE-EDUCATING FOR YOU, **TOP PRIORITY!**

YES! STRUGGLING IS **MUCH FUN!**

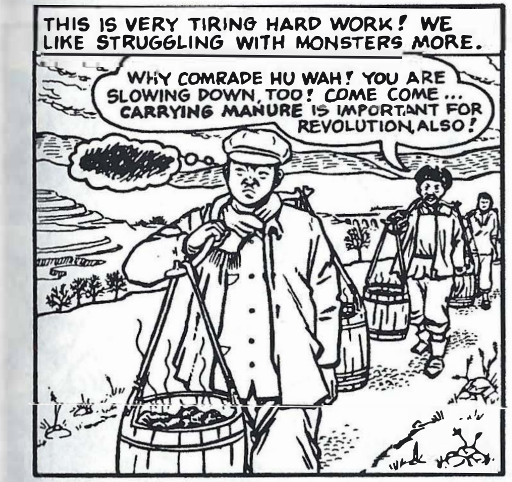

BLACK ELEMENTS BEWARE! THIS IS FATE OF CLASS ENEMIES!

YET THERE IS MORE THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

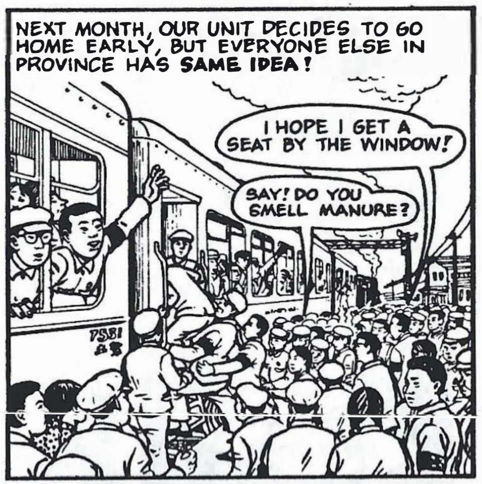
IN NOVEMBER, 1966 WE GO TO COMMUNE IN CANTON PROVINCE WITH OTHER RED GUARDS TO "EXCHANGE REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIENCES" WITH PEASANTS.


SURELY YOU CAN HOE FASTER THAN **THAT**, COMRADE! AS CHAIRMAN MAO SAYS... "REVOLUTION IS NOT DINNER PARTY!"

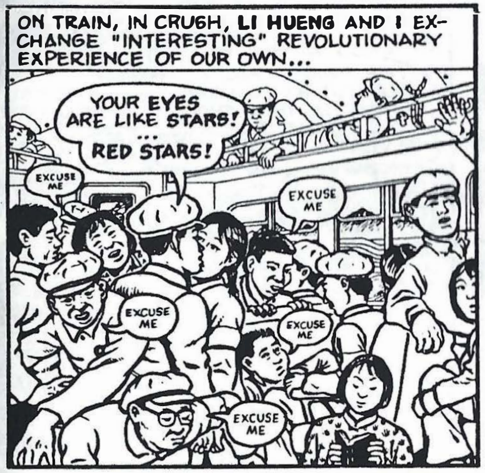
THIS IS VERY TIRING HARD WORK! WE LIKE STRUGGLING WITH MONSTERS MORE.


WHY COMRADE HU WAH! YOU ARE SLOWING DOWN, TOO! COME COME... **CARRYING MANURE** IS IMPORTANT FOR REVOLUTION, ALSO!

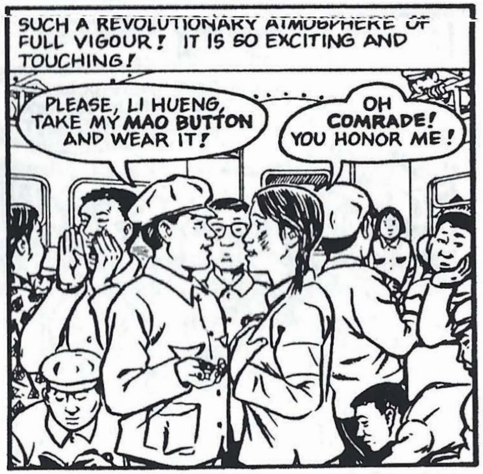
NEXT MONTH, OUR UNIT DECIDES TO GO HOME EARLY, BUT EVERYONE ELSE IN PROVINCE HAS **SAME IDEA!**

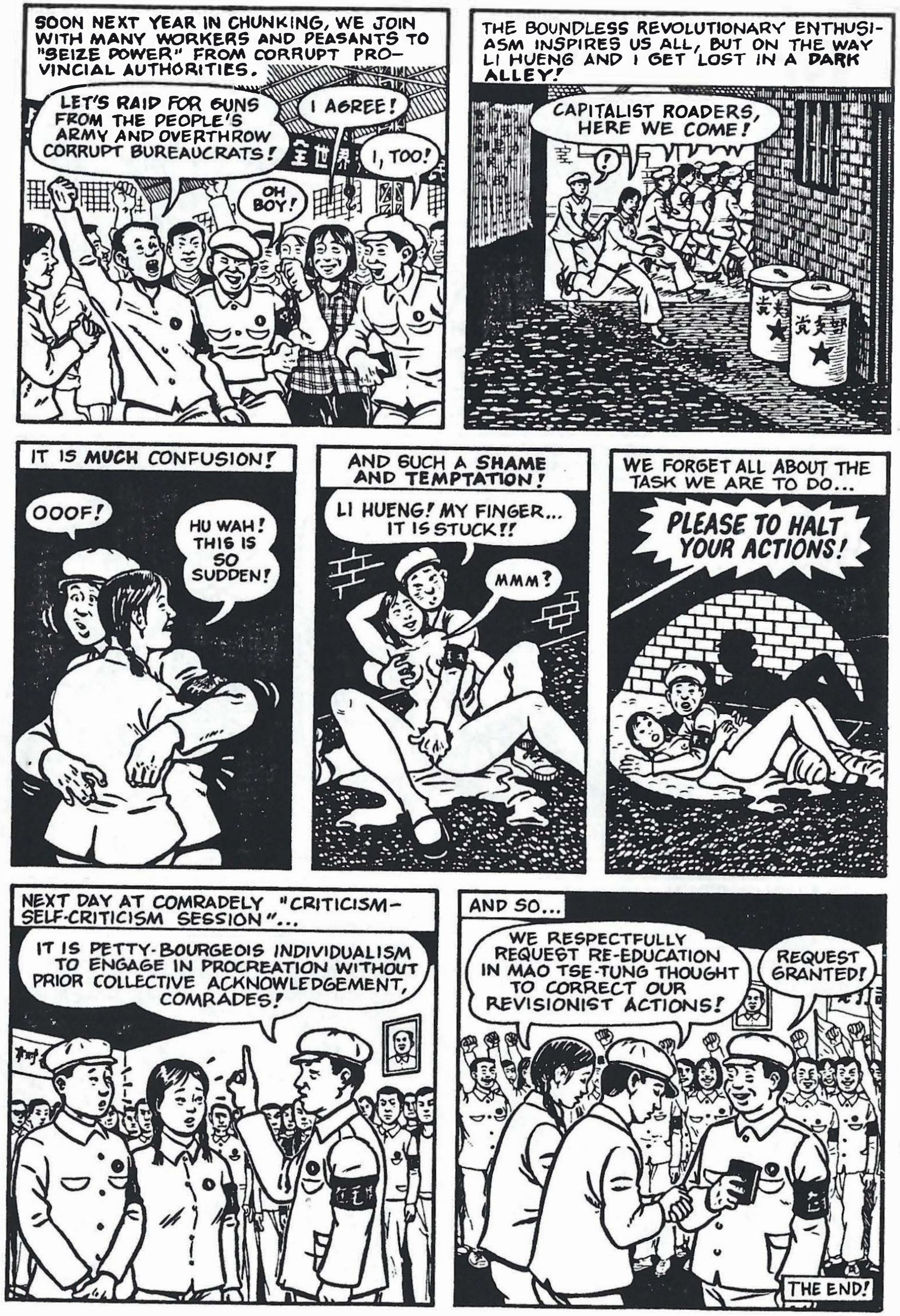

I HOPE I GET A SEAT BY THE WINDOW!
SAY! DO YOU SMELL MANURE?
7581

ON TRAIN, IN CRUSH, **LI HUENG** AND I EXCHANGE "INTERESTING" REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIENCE OF OUR OWN...


YOUR EYES ARE LIKE **STARS!** ... **RED STARS!**
EXCUSE ME
EXCUSE ME
EXCUSE ME
EXCUSE ME
EXCUSE ME

SUCH A REVOLUTIONARY ATMOSPHERE OF FULL VIGOUR! IT IS SO EXCITING AND TOUCHING!


PLEASE, LI HUENG, TAKE MY **MAO BUTTON** AND WEAR IT!
OH **COMRADE!** YOU HONOR ME!


SOON NEXT YEAR IN CHUNKING, WE JOIN WITH MANY WORKERS AND PEASANTS TO "SEIZE POWER" FROM CORRUPT PROVINCIAL AUTHORITIES.
LET'S RAID FOR GUNS FROM THE PEOPLE'S ARMY AND OVERTHROW CORRUPT BUREAUCRATS!
I AGREE!
I, TOO!
OH BOY!
THE BOUNDLESS REVOLUTIONARY ENTHUSIASM INSPIRES US ALL, BUT ON THE WAY LI HUENG AND I GET LOST IN A DARK ALLEY!
CAPITALIST ROADERS, HERE WE COME!
!
IT IS MUCH CONFUSION!
OOOF!
HU WAH! THIS IS SO SUDDEN!
AND SUCH A SHAME AND TEMPTATION!
LI HUENG! MY FINGER... IT IS STUCK!!
MMM?
WE FORGET ALL ABOUT THE TASK WE ARE TO DO...
PLEASE TO HALT YOUR ACTIONS!
NEXT DAY AT COMRADELY "CRITICISM-SELF-CRITICISM SESSION"...
IT IS PETTY-BOURGEOIS INDIVIDUALISM TO ENGAGE IN PROCREATION WITHOUT PRIOR COLLECTIVE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, COMRADES!
AND SO...
WE RESPECTFULLY REQUEST RE-EDUCATION IN MAO TSE-TUNG THOUGHT TO CORRECT OUR REVISIONIST ACTIONS!
REQUEST GRANTED!
THE END!

MASS SOCIETY and METROPOLIS, Part 2

by Edwin Hammer

The city was and is the vehicle for man's mastery of nature and the organization of social life; it is the field in which capital organizes isolation and routine, creating the conditions for its perpetuation. All cities are haunted by history, by ghosts which cannot be exorcised. Emerging from the transformation of the village to the city were hierarchical, caste-managed societies ruled by privileged minorities with the power to mobilize the man-power that created civilization's earliest achievements.

In contemporary cities it is the modernist aesthetic that characterizes most recent building, a language of forms, abstract and pure, that was elaborated by early 20th century architects such as Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe. They found their inspiration in the machine and in the mass society they recognized as having accompanied the Machine Age. The modernist architects revered technology and embraced its values: economy and efficiency, purity and precision, and sought to realize those values in a technologically based aesthetic. Their effort was an attempt to rationalize the effect of the machine on society: the subjective and unique was denounced, decorative naturalism and eclecticism opposed. They championed forms they considered universally intelligible, a standardization appropriate for mass society. The architect was recognized as an *organizer* as well as an artist; this rationalist, technological approach was most deeply explored at the Bauhaus, where both Mies van der Rohe and Gropius taught following WWI. The new language of abstraction they consciously derived to suit the industrialized age in which they lived was dubbed the International Style.

Many modernist architects were explicitly left-leaning and quite a few initially supported the Bolshevik project. The modernist presence in the Soviet Union was short-lived, however: by the early thirties the cultural bureaucracy was denouncing modernism as decadent and counter-revolutionary.

Part 2

In Germany modernism was especially reviled by the National Socialists because of its association with the failed revolution of November, 1918, an event the Nazis wished erased from history. The Nazis also believed modernism to be sustained by Jewish patrons, part of a Judeao-Bolshevist conspiracy: its extremism and formal originality was seen as destructive of German self-esteem and national morale. In architecture the very principles of the International Style were an affront to the ideology the Nazis were crafting; they were predisposed to the traditional, the imperial, to assertions of power and dominance, not the abstract purism and basic forms the modernists advocated as universally intelligible.

In 1930 Hannes Meyer, then head of the Bau Haus, earned the disapproval of local reactionary gadflies for having permitted a collection for International Worker's Aid organized by students. Although he had recently dissolved a KPD [German Communist Party] student cell in order to keep the school apolitical, circumstances forced him to proudly proclaim himself a "scientific marxist," and he was forced to resign. Meyer was replaced by Mies van der Rohe, considered politically neutral. Nevertheless, Dessau authorities soon cut the school's subsidy and it relocated to a warehouse in Berlin. After a police raid in which KPD material was supposedly discovered, the Nazis finally closed the Bau Haus down in 1933.

Following the Degenerate Art Show in 1937 there was a modernist exodus from Germany. Many came to the United States, quite a few to New York, artists and writers particularly. Walter Gropius went to teach at Harvard and Mies van der Rohe went to Chicago where American architecture had been boldest. Both men continued building and taught a new generation of Americans the modern idiom which would survive tumultuous Europe. Le Corbusier saw some of his unrealized ideas executed by his disciples, and had an emphatic influence on the design of the United Nations, despite or due to his abrasive personality in what was to be a collective endeavor. In the fifties he began to abandon the abstract purism of the International Style in favor of sculptural, anthropomorphic effects, and demanded "voyages of discovery into the domain of nature." By this time however, the new objectivist idiom he had been instrumental in fashioning was now the reigning orthodoxy, its preeminance assured.

During the brief flowering of modernist architecture in the Soviet Union a number of buildings that went up served as "new social condensors," worker's clubs and other state institutions meant to absorb and transform the individual. In the west modernism also had a social function and flourished under the patronage of corporate sponsors, especially in the U.S., power-house of post-war economies. It was here, in cities from New York to San Francisco, that modernism most successfully served the organizational imperatives of mass industrialized society that were its inspiration. For the corporate headquarters of transnational conglomerates, manufacturing concerns, and retailing enterprises, for insurance companies, for finance houses and banks the modernist cadres built huge, pristine, severe steel and glass filing cabinets. Corporate bureaucrats, the organizers and administrators of western capital, along with their "support staff," were the first to confront the modernist vision articulated on a grand scale. Form and function were finally wed and it was a match made in heaven. A dream of reason that began with the machine came home to the offfice.

The prosperity of the fifties and sixties, though limited to the enfranchised, enabled the modernists to "colonize" parts or whole swathes of urban terrain, creating business districts that announced the new advanced industrial order, or enlarging them through horizontal and vertical expansion. These urban redevelopment efforts resulted, for example, in New York on the stretch of Sixth Avenue in mid-town where modernist buildings stand shoulder to shoulder in regimented uniformity, audacious in their simplicity, imposing in their conformity. These buildings are abstraction monumentalized, and the appearance and expansion of this monumental abstraction has been termed "Manhattanization."

Certain large scale housing complexes also bear the modernist signature and in state funded or subsidized housing projects in the U.S. and in Europe one can discern a degraded version of the modernist idiom, a vulgar dialect expressing modernism's most dour and morose potential. Ubiquitous graffitti and chronic vandalism are crude but succinct critiques of these forms of state administered housing and organization of the poor. The long waiting-lists for units in such projects imply desperation not desire, the cult of survival over life.

Despite success with the captains of capital, however, the language of forms the modernists discovered and elaborated, their modernist idiom, has not achieved the universal dominance its progenitors no doubt once imagined. Many people, it seems, prefer more conventional, unsophisticated environments for their home. The appeal of suburban life and single family houses for those who can afford them, as well as the expense of modern building techniques (despite the modernists' vaunted claims to an economy of means and materials) limited most modernist experiments in urban housing to luxury high-rises and isolated complexes severed from the urban field, like Co-op City in the Bronx. Now, with so much urban space still left to conquer, modernism, or at least orthodox modernism, is out of fashion, a victim of the cult of novelty it helped to initiate.

Younger architects, having inherited a tradition rather than creating one, felt restricted by the insistent purism of the International Style. Whimsy and affectation have reappeared, often as nostalgic allusions to pre-modernist traditions; the architect's ego can now assert itself in playful embellishments the modernist fathers would have scorned as too individualistc and inappropriate for the society that was ushered in along with the Machine Age (which has been superceded by a new age, an age of information, an age no less hostile to the individual). Eclecticism is now a virtue in architecture, and presents the appearance of diversity within monotony. During the lopsided boom of the 80s a brassy indulgence became fashionable, reminiscent of the Gilded Age. Also in recent decades several post-modern movements or trends, like deconstruction, have emerged among architects consciously working in the modernist tradition. The modernist project has withdrawn its social and political concerns and in some cases has receded into an aesthetic of a very rarefied sort. The modernist influence remains, and in some areas is pervasive, even as its purity is diluted, its orthodoxy corroded. The problem of the metropolis, however, is situated beyond the realm of aesthetics.

to be continued

The SOCIAL WAR

No. 4

As humanity approaches the end of its second century enslaved to capital, perhaps only a single question is left, is indeed even askable,"Will we ever be free of this nightmare?"

Such a statement, however, functions less as a rhetorical question than as a cynical allusion to the almost universal domestication of the human species. Where once a vigorous, angry populace threatened any government that even debated the levying of taxes, where once an eighteenth-century noble could complain that it was impossible to gather together one hundred artisans without an ensuing riot. Now we have only "social harmony," a state of affairs so degraded that even so-called opposition movements, if they exist at all, designate their own "peace-keepers" during protest marches to ensure order.

"Social harmony" must be seen in its true light, not as the guarantor of happiness, of peace, rather it is the result of the restraint of the total being that any individual might become. It is the result of coercion that emanates not only from the externalised reality of society (commodities, the spectacle, capital-as-being); its most effective bloodhound is the human mind itself, the internalised restraints and hierarchy that are implanted by society, and more importantly, ***for*** society. Significantly, however, the task of restructuring human consciousness has proved difficult for capital. Currently, it must constantly re-invent and re-assert itself to maintain its hegemony, and as the last decade has proven, such processes are proving less and less effective.

There are those who will argue that "social harmony," while illusory in a pre-revolutionary society, should and must be one of the final goals of any supposedly emancipatory revolution. Put simply, such individuals are the police, the legislators, the social engineers, the despots of the revolution. They are a new enemy in embryo and should be perceived and treated as such.

Clearly, the single task that presents itself now is that of social insurrection, the stripping away of centuries of consensus based on coercion, the elimination of all institutions without regard for the illusion of "negative" or "positive" influence. The ripping up of the social contract and the tearing down of the edifice of capital. "Social harmony" must also pass into the oblivion of history, not as something "once enjoyed" but rather as something once endured.

MAXIMALIST INTERNATIONAL

A century of social tranquillity
is worth a summer of
INSURRECTION.

AMERICA IS NOT FREE!

As we sit and watch with amazement the collapse of the brutal, corrupt, totalitarian systems of Eastern Europe, our own system is becoming more brutal, more corrupt, more totalitarian every day.

America, hailed by the rest of the world as a bastion of freedom, liberty and opportunity, is a nation plagued by poverty, homelessness, despair and violence. Unchecked police forces act with impunity as they occupy our neighborhoods like a foreign army, killing and maiming our children, imposing curfews, protecting rich Real Estate developers as they demolish our homes and facilitating the drug trade which they then use as an excuse for their expanded powers.

Any expression of autonomous culture or independent creative activity is attacked and criminalized by the powers that be. Subway graffiti, recognized throughout the world as a legitimate folk art form has been banned in New York and made into a felonious crime. Street musicians are harassed daily and are subject to arrest and confiscation of their instruments (their only source of livelihood). Subway musicians recently won a temporary ruling protecting them from the same harassment. We'll see how long it lasts. Street peddling, an ancient and universal occupation in urban centers throughout the world, is illegal! (So much for "free market"). Taxi drivers are subject to a dress code. They are trying to licence and regulate bicycle messengers.

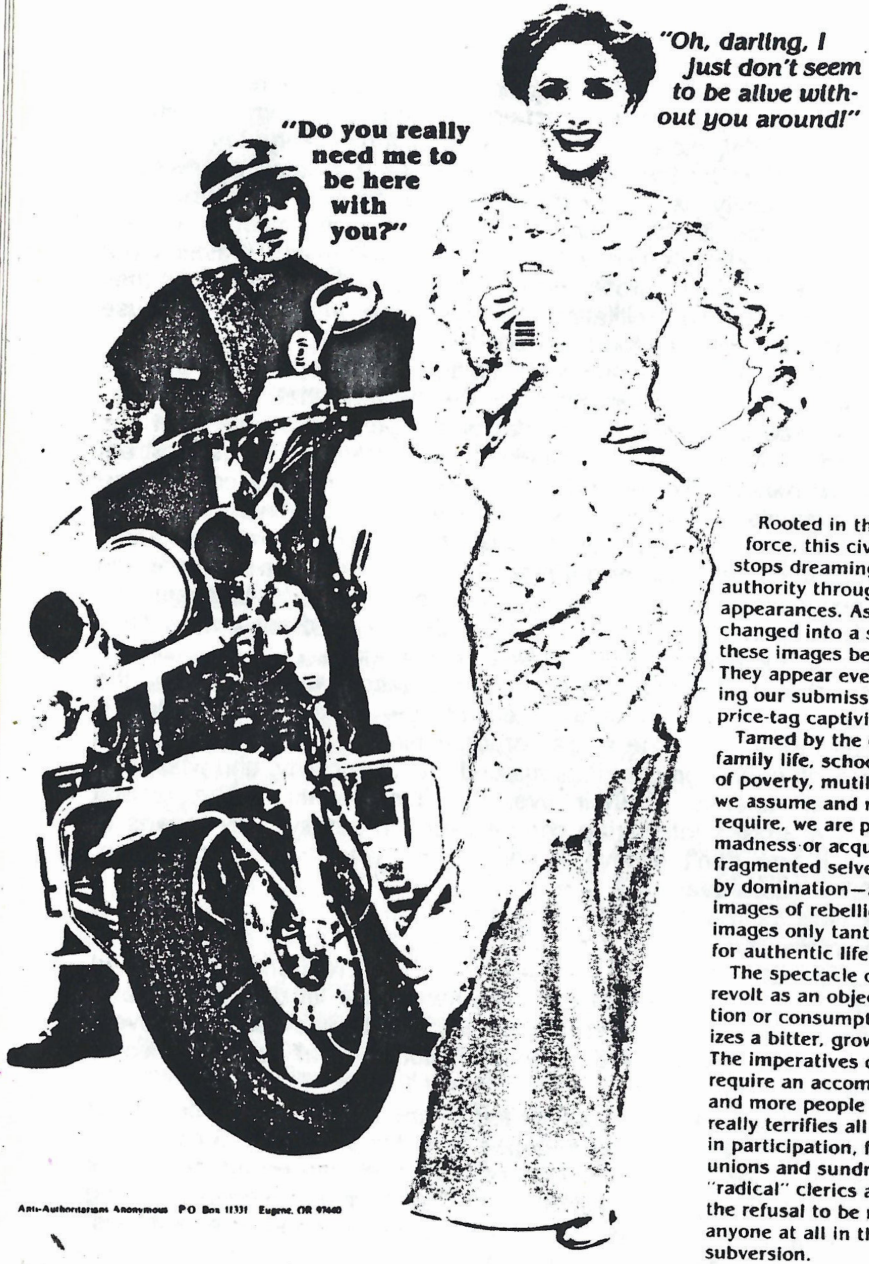
In addition, our prime sources of information and education, the media and the press, are under the absolute control of the richest corporations in the world, the same corporations who choose our political leaders through campaign contributions and media publicity, and who send us to war in defense of their overseas investments. The federal government exercises totalitarian control over the airwaves by means of the FCC. If you don't believe it, try starting your own radio station. Constitutional guarantees of a free press do not apply to the airwaves.

It is time for the American people to learn from the experience of Eastern Europe. Freedom is not given. It does not come by decree. It must be continually struggled and fought for. Once freedoms are attained they must be relentlessly exercised. The minute we let down our guard, the forces of backwardness and tyranny will step in and take back every freedom we have fought for throughout history. Tom Jefferson would know what I'm talking about.

The freest people in the world today are the struggling people of Eastern Europe. They are free because they are struggling, for freedom is not a neutral state of affairs which once attained, can be put on a back shelf and simply enjoyed. Like life itself, freedom is a living, breathing entity which must be constantly nourished and renourished or else it dies. We have already relaxed for far too long!

The people of Eastern Europe, perhaps inspired by America and the American Revolution, have taken their struggle to the streets and they are winning. It is now our turn to learn from them.

TO THE STREETS!


"Oh, darling, I just don't seem to be alive without you around!"
"Do you really need me to be here with you?"

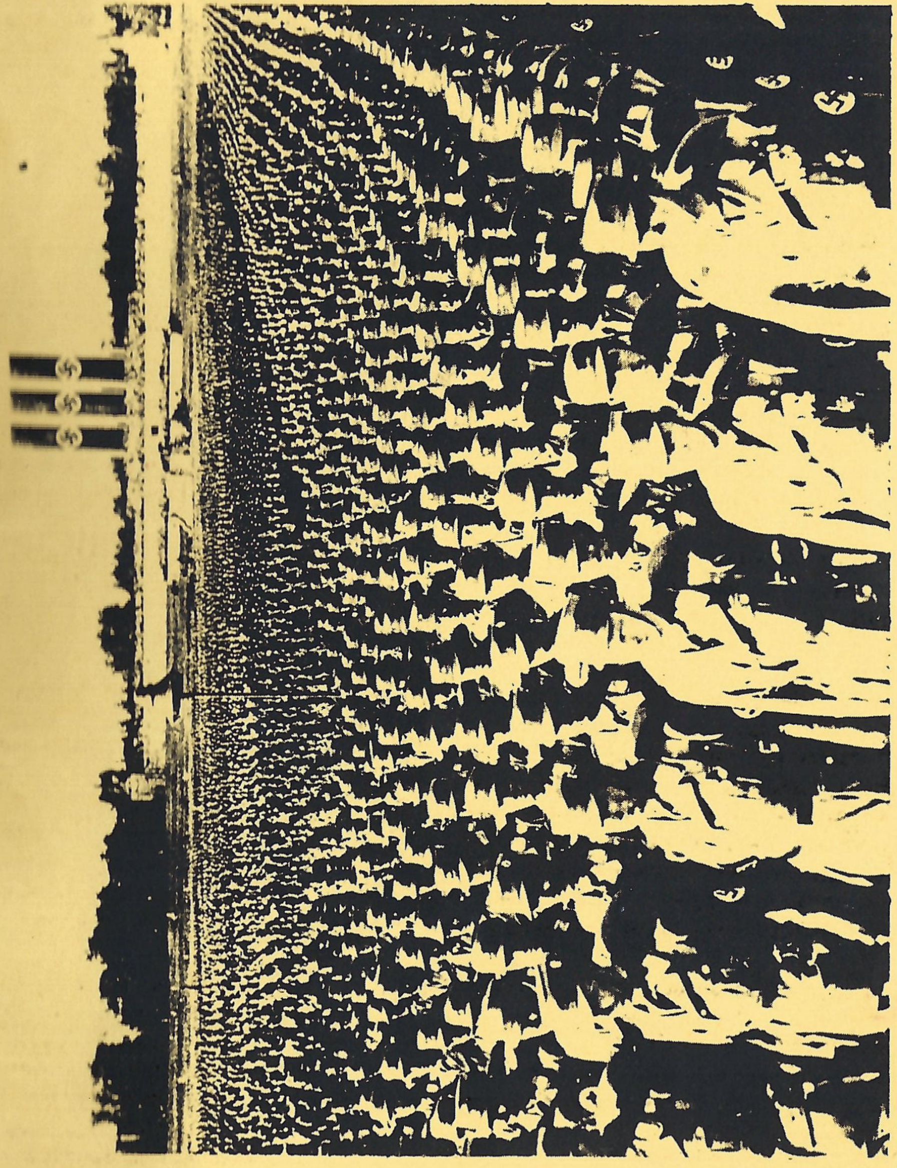
Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous P.O. Box 11331 Eugene, OR 97440

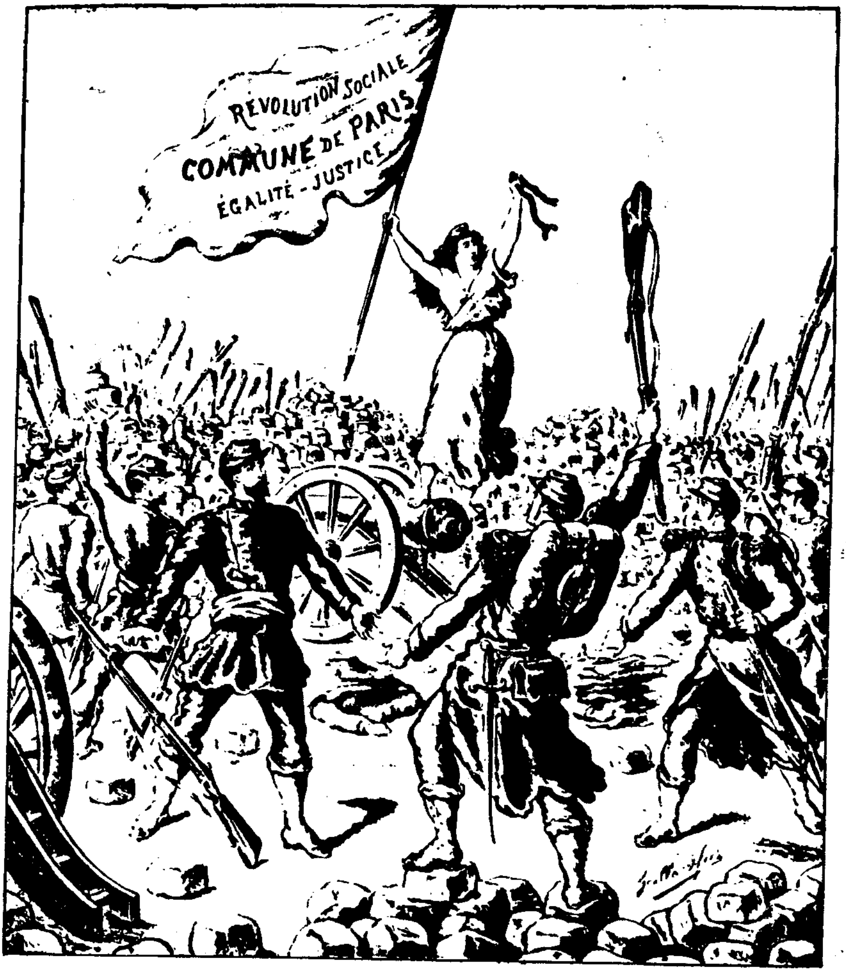
Rooted in the appearance of force, this civilization never stops dreaming of imposing authority through the force of appearances. As the real world is changed into a stream of images, these images become real forces. They appear everywhere, seducing our submission to paycheck/price-tag captivity.

Tamed by the discipline of family life, school, work, and fear of poverty, mutilated by the roles we assume and routines they require, we are pushed towards madness or acquiescence. Our fragmented selves—pulled apart by domination—are beguiled by images of rebellion, though these images only tantalize our desires for authentic life.

The spectacle of opposition—revolt as an object of contemplation or consumption—only trivializes a bitter, growing negation. The imperatives of technology require an accommodation more and more people refuse. What really terrifies all the specialists in participation, from parties, unions and sundry organizers to "radical" clerics and artists, is the refusal to be represented by anyone at all in the enjoyment of subversion.

After all, what pleasures can match insistence on life as a marvelous game of abolishing alienation?




RÉVOLUTION SOCIALE
COMMUNE DE PARIS
ÉGALITÉ - JUSTICE

RISE LIKE LIONS AFTER SLUMBER
IN UNVANQUISHABLE NUMBER,
SHAKE YOUR CHAINS TO EARTH LIKE DEW
WHICH IN SLEEP HAD FALLEN ON YOU--
YE ARE MANY-- THEY ARE FEW.

--P.B. SHELLEY
"THE MASK OF ANARCHY"